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THE MINISTERIAL CHANGES.

IT is easier to assert that the Government has not strengthened itself by its internal changes than to suggest any alternative appointments which would have been less open to criticism. Sir G. C. LEWIS has no special knowledge of the business of the War Office, and it is difficult to suppose that he can have felt any wish to undertake a new department; but a similar objection would have applied to any other successor to Lord HERBERT who could have been found either in or out of the Cabinet. It was necessary that the Secretary for War should be in the House of Commons, and Lord PALMERSTON could only choose among two or three colleagues of more or less accommodating dispositions. The tendency of Whig Governments to confine their favours within an exclusive circle derives no fresh illustration from the recent changes. It unluckily happens that no ex-official supporter of the Ministers occupies a Parliamentary position which fairly entitles him to a seat in the Cabinet. Perhaps the best available candidate would have been the Secretary of the Treasury who was for some years Under-Secretary for War, but Mr. PEEL possesses little influence in the House, and he is supposed not to be a favourite with the leaders of his party. If Lord PALMERSTON ever thought of such a choice, he may probably have hesitated to give simultaneous promotion to two members of the same family. It is unfortunate that so large a proportion of the ablest administrators occupy seats in the House of Lords, while popular constituencies almost wholly disregard, in the selection of their members, the qualities which would fit them for the service of the Crown. The appointment of Mr. LAYARD shows a creditable readiness to profit by vigour and ability without any exaggerated regard to political conformity. The new Under-Secretary will be better employed in the public service than in echoing the unmeaning demands of the Southwark voters. His constituents, however, are honourably distinguished among metropolitan electors by their preference of representatives who have some pretensions to eminence. They will probably feel that the promotion of Mr. LAYARD is a compliment to their judgment, while they cannot but understand that his pledges of various kinds are suspended during his continuance in office. An Under-Secretary exercises no influence of his own on the national policy, but it is convenient that a popular member of strongly Liberal opinions should have the opportunity of becoming officially acquainted with foreign affairs.

There is no disadvantage in a reduction of the number of the Cabinet, but as Mr. CARDWELL was made disposable, it is perhaps surprising that he was not transferred to the Home Office in preference to Sir GEORGE GREY, who had retired some time since from active employment. Mr. CARDWELL is industrious, clear-headed, and legally trained, and, in comparison with the majority of his colleagues, he may be considered as in the flower of his age. Several years ago, he declined, from honourable motives, the post of Chancellor of the Exchequer, which would have placed him in the foremost Ministerial rank. It seems absurd to shelve so efficient a colleague in the Duchy of Lancaster, although there may have been sound practical reasons for a change in the Irish Office. The duties of the Secretary for Ireland are so indefinite or elastic that Mr. HORSMAN resigned the office on the ground that it afforded no sufficient opportunity for the display of his abilities. Mr. CARDWELL is not a man to complain of idleness when he can make employment for himself, but he may probably not have understood that important part of his duties which consisted in keeping the native politicians in good humour. It is notorious that the Irish members of the Liberal party are in a state of almost open mutiny. Their irritation is founded partly on the wrongs

of the POPE, and it has been aggravated by the temporary collapse of the Galway job. Mr. CARDWELL would perhaps have served the Government better if he had professed, like the LORD-LIEUTENANT, to disapprove of the rigour displayed by the Treasury and Post-Office. His intimation that Lord CARLISLE had nothing to do with Cabinet secrets was not unnaturally regarded as supercilious, and, on the whole, it may be said that the ex-Secretary's talents and virtues are not specially adapted to the atmosphere of Dublin. It is an excellent thing to be logical, well-informed, well-conducted, intelligent, moral, and decorous, but Irishmen prefer something of genial laxity which is not incompatible with clearness of insight and with resolute purpose. Mr. CARDWELL is not supposed to possess that humorous tolerance which best suits the trifling obliquities of Irish projectors and politicians. The local clamour against the Government was directed against Lord PALMERSTON and Lord JOHN RUSSELL, as the responsible authors of its foreign and domestic policy; but the PREMIER, himself an Irishman, and familiar with the peculiarities of his countrymen, seems to have considered that some of his unpopularity was attributable to the deficient versatility of an English financier and man of business. Reducing Mr. CARDWELL for the time to the rank of Minister without a portfolio, Lord PALMERSTON has gratified a personal predilection of his own, and at the same time provided a Secretary for Ireland who is qualified for the office by an abundant share of the national temperament.

Sir ROBERT PEEL's public career has not been distinguished by prudence or consistency. When he held a minor office, he was self-willed and insubordinate; and the independence which he has affected in the House of Commons has been largely mixed with ostentation and caprice. The name which he bears, supported by a remarkable oratorical faculty, has never earned for him respect and confidence, although his speeches have commanded the attention of the House. His faults have been those of youth, although he is no longer young; and he may think himself fortunate in an opportunity of still earning an honourable reputation in the public service. Lord PALMERSTON must be well aware that he is trying an experiment, but it is possible that the appointment may be brilliantly successful. Many faults of temper and training are passed over in favour of blood and action; and in Ireland it is especially desirable for a Government to employ an agent who will not be disliked as a pedant or laughed at as a novice. Sir ROBERT PEEL will sympathize with those whom he will have to influence and manage, and he ought by this time to have discovered that the mere display of cleverness is one of the most contemptible employments which can occupy an able man. It may be convenient that an Irish Secretary should not be too easily shocked; but his own conduct can scarcely be too cautious or discreet. Lord PALMERSTON sends his emissary to Ireland with an olive-branch in the form of a promise that there shall be a line of packets to Newfoundland from the most convenient port, while it is significantly added that the West of Ireland is the nearest coast to America, and that Galway is in the direct line of railway communication. It is impossible to carry out more fully the understanding which was so nobly repudiated by Lord JOHN RUSSELL, and so judiciously dangled by Lord PALMERSTON himself before the eyes of Irish members. The appointment of Sir ROBERT PEEL will be associated with the boon; and if the Government hereafter attempts injustice to Ireland in the exercise of imprudent strictness, the Secretary will be able to disclaim all responsibility, on the ground that he is not a member of the Cabinet. Whatever may have been the reasons of Mr. CARDWELL's removal, it must be admitted that his successor is in all respects his opposite.

There is too much ground for the general expectation that the Government will be broken up at the beginning of

1862; yet the lapse of six months may perhaps enable Lord PALMERSTON to strengthen himself, and it will give the country time to reflect on its real wishes and opinions. A vast majority of intelligent and educated persons sincerely prefer a Liberal Government, although they may have little active enthusiasm for the present Cabinet. It is not altogether the fault of the Ministers that they carry no striking measures in an unwilling House of Commons. Their more advanced supporters, dissatisfied with an inaction which is sometimes unavoidable and often laudable, are too ready to ally themselves on secondary questions with a numerous and compact Opposition. The checks and disappointments which have thus been inflicted on the Government furnish a reason for rallying to its support, instead of listening to the boastful prophecies of the Conservative journals. The Ministers can rely on a small majority on important divisions, while Mr. DISRAELI is indebted for his minor victories to a temporary combination with his enemies. It is evident that a Government taken from the ranks of the Opposition would be weak, and consequently open to pressure from without. Lord PALMERSTON commands general confidence, while Lord DERBY and Mr. DISRAELI inspire well-founded distrust. The enemies of England throughout Europe anticipate with hope the return of Lord MALMESBURY to the Foreign Office; and the leaders of the Opposition have openly avowed their want of sympathy with the national good-will to the cause of freedom on the Continent. When war is imminent in Hungary and in Italy, it would be a subject for deep regret that the policy of England should be directed by a party which is blindly devoted to Austria.

MR. DISRAELI ON THE NAVAL DEFENCES.

MR. DISRAELI'S recent speech against the naval defences won deservedly for him applause in a quarter where he has more than once sought support. He was warmly complimented by the organ of Mr. BRIGHT on having risen "above the low level of Sir JOHN PAKINGTON and Mr. HENLEY." There are some people who are always rising upon the wings of extraordinary genius above the level of common sense as well as of common morality. Mr. DISRAELI is the most eminent of these. As it is by genius that the thing is done, we feel highly honoured and gratified, like the Irishman when he was having his shins broken by his sedan-chair with the bottom out, instead of walking in the common way. But otherwise the results to the public and to Mr. DISRAELI's party are scarcely to be distinguished from those of common trickery and nonsense.

What Mr. DISRAELI proposes, in place of naval defences, is some sort of agreement with the French Government, limiting the respective armaments of the two countries. We conjecture from this that he was the author of the notable project of a treaty for mutual disarmament which was proposed by Lord MALMESBURY to France and Austria on the eve of the Italian war, and which, if it had been accepted, would in all probability have involved this country, as a party bound to enforce its provisions, in war with one of the two hostile Powers, if not with both. It would be a good thing if Mr. DISRAELI, instead of merely propounding a brilliant idea for the admiration of the world, would endeavour to work it out. Let him just try his hand at the draft of an agreement limiting the relative force of the English and French navies. First of all, what constitutes force? It would be obviously absurd to take the mere number of ships, or the mere number of guns, or the mere number of men. To make your agreement good for anything, you must take in everything that goes to make up real strength and efficiency, including all scientific improvements in the structure of the vessels or in their artillery. You can hardly leave out of sight the support which the respective fleets possess on shore, in the shape of coast batteries and fortified harbours. The power of rapid concentration is also a most material element. Our navy is completely divided between distant stations, whereas the French crews may be transferred by railroad in three days from Toulon to Brest and Cherbourg. Then will arise the question, what ships and what men are to be considered as actually efficient for service? We know that the notions of the French on this point are pitched somewhat high, since, according to their own statement, they had no fleet or army fit for actual service when they were on the very brink of the long-premeditated war with Austria. Moreover, the relative size of the fleets is to bear a proportion to the relative size of the armies, our fleet being allowed to exceed the French as the French army exceeds ours. Any variation in

the size of the armies must therefore be provided against in the agreement limiting the fleets. Nor will it be possible, as Lord PALMERSTON pointed out on Thursday, to exclude all reference to the armaments of other Powers, the rivals and possible enemies of either of the two parties. It will further be necessary to establish a complete system of mutual surveillance, in order to see to the due observance of the compact on each side. As the PREMIER aptly remarks—"We must have officers watching them, and they must have officers watching us; there would be doubts and suspicions of bad faith; and, instead of laying the foundations of peace, we should be sowing the seeds of future interminable dissensions." When all these difficulties, and many more of the same kind which might be suggested, have been disposed of, Mr. DISRAELI will have to ask himself how, in case of dispute, the terms of the agreement are to be enforced; and he will have to answer, by war. Practical minds will perhaps doubt whether it would not be better to go to war at once, instead of first wasting trouble in framing that which will inevitably lead to it.

If England succeeds in compelling the French Government to limit its armaments, and save the two nations the deplorable waste of money in barren objects which is now going on, it will not be by paper agreements, but by bringing fully into play the great advantages which she possesses in this competition, first as a Power having none but defensive aims, and secondly, as a free nation. It is perfectly clear that a rougher and cheaper article may be available for the purpose of defence than is available for the purpose of attack. If we meditated a march to Paris, the Volunteers would be useless for that particular service, and we should have to keep on foot a standing army of four or five hundred thousand men. But for the defence of their own soil, it is probably not rating the Volunteers too highly to suppose that they are, or might soon be made, equivalent to at least half their number of troops of the line; and in this case, we have virtually an army of seventy or eighty thousand men, almost free of cost, available for the primary purpose for which we want an army at all. Nor does it seem impossible, or even improbable, that we may be able to provide a fleet at a comparatively trifling expense, which would be effective in the defence of our own coasts against an army attempting to land, though it would not be fit to attack the coast of an enemy, or to be sent to a distant station. It may also be inferred from the experience of history that the course of scientific improvement runs, in the main, in favour of defence as against attack; so that the intellectual activity which is now being displayed on military subjects, and the inventions so rapidly succeeding and surpassing each other which are its results, will probably, in the issue, add to the advantages which belong to us as the defensive side. It is needless to dwell on the superiority which a free nation possesses over despotisms in the power of confidently appealing to the devotion of all its citizens. England has made this appeal, and it is the spirit with which it has been answered, much more than the actual force of a body of half-drilled Volunteers, that has strengthened the hands of our Government, and made a deep impression on the world.

Of course Mr. DISRAELI did not omit to twit Lord PALMERSTON and those who take Lord PALMERSTON's view of the matter, with disloyalty to the French connexion—that Daffy's Elixir of Manchester and Disraelite diplomacy on which, as its advertising mediums are perpetually repeating, depend the future happiness and progress of mankind. Fortunately, the happiness and progress of mankind depend upon no diplomatic connexion whatever, but upon causes much more general and of surer operation. Not the least of these causes is the steady adherence of England to the principles of constitutional freedom, legality, and honour, of which her history, with all its blots and flaws, is on the whole the most consistent example, and of which the French despotism, founded on usurpation and violence, and appealing alternately to arbitrary force and revolutionary passions, is of necessity the natural foe. The hostility to France which the French party in this country are perpetually putting into the mouths of their opponents has never been expressed by any human being. All that the national party desire is that we should treat France as we treat, or ought to treat, all other nations—that we should bear ourselves towards her amicably, courteously, uprightly, but without loss of our self-respect, as an English gentleman bears himself towards his neighbours in the intercourse of life. We deprecate those too particular and somewhat Pecksniffian caresses in which the Apostles of Peace and Mr. DISRAELI delight to

indulge. We deprecate them partly because, for the life of us, we cannot see anything in French character, politics, morality, or diplomacy which is peculiarly congenial to ours, and fitted to form the basis of an exclusive friendship—partly and principally because affected embraces are pretty certain to end in aggravated disagreement. We do not shrink from adding that, though old feuds and recollections of Waterloo may be gradually subsiding, we doubt whether the whole French nation are yet quite as well disposed towards England as Mr. COBDEN's landlady on the Boulevards was when he paid his bill; and a course of victories and successful raids over Europe, such as that which France ran under the First NAPOLEON, is apt to leave behind it in a nation an ambitious and unquiet spirit, especially when every stimulant that can keep up such a spirit is sedulously applied by NAPOLEON's heir. All that we desire is to let France see, once for all, that her extravagant armaments are as useless for the purpose of aggression as they are needless for the purpose of self-defence. When that is once made clear, even a despotism will hardly be able to tax much further the sufferance of the French people. The process, no doubt, is one which every rational man would wish to avoid. But at the rate at which the French finances are now going, it can scarcely be a very long one; and for the reasons we have stated, there is ground for hoping that it may be comparatively cheap.

AMERICA.

ACCORDING to the latest accounts from the seat of war in Virginia, the outposts of the main armies were almost in contact, and a general battle of 50,000 men on each side was supposed to be imminent. It would be absurd to speculate on the military reasons which may influence the hostile commanders, but, on political grounds, it seems to be the interest of the Confederates to avoid a general action. If the numbers are nearly equal, it is impossible to anticipate the result of a battle, and defeat would be more ruinous to the weaker party than to the Government which commands unlimited supplies of men and money. The loss of 10,000 men on the Federal side would be instantly replaced, and the desire to avenge a serious discomfiture would, if possible, stimulate and increase the unanimous demand for the prosecution of the war. The Confederates are weaker in all means of repairing disasters, although it is possible that they may have organized as effective an army of operations. Their ultimate hopes of victory must depend on the advance of the Northern troops into the heart of an enemy's country. Unless their commanders see their way to a seizure of the bridges on the Potomac, and to a demonstration against Washington itself, they will probably give way for the purpose of drawing the Federal army further from its base of operations. Their retreat will be rendered compulsory if General McCLELLAN advances without further obstruction from the Western part of the State. His success in the most important skirmish which has yet taken place has naturally been reported with great exaggeration by the New York journals, but the capture of 1000 prisoners and the death of the Confederate general augur favourably for the cause of the United States. General SCOTT appears to persevere in his plan of forcing back the Southern army by the pressure of overwhelming numbers. The conquest of Virginia, though it may not necessarily decide the fortune of the war, will be a heavy discouragement to the Seceders, and, with the aid of the sympathizing citizens of the western counties, it may perhaps be found possible to administer the affairs of the State without an utter disregard to constitutional forms. General SCOTT will probably be in no hurry to engage his troops in the Carolinas, and the campaign will not be unsatisfactory if it restores the authority of the Federal Government in Virginia, in Missouri, and in Eastern Tennessee. Success may perhaps dispose the politicians of the North to listen to terms of compromise, and a year's experience of civil war will teach them that even victory is not unattended by inconvenience.

The incidental difficulties of a domestic struggle already perplex the Government of Washington. An order has been issued to admit no more fugitive slaves into the camp, but it will be impossible to restore the runaways into servitude, and it will be difficult to dispose of them within the lines of the army. The PRESIDENT and the COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF may probably be trusted, on another pressing question, to turn a deaf ear to the bloodthirsty appeals of the

Republican newspapers. Among General McCLELLAN's prisoners are some officers who lately held rank in the army of the United States, and the *New York Times* insists that they shall be put to death as deserters. Mr. LINCOLN showed much want of taste when he contrasted in his Message the uniform loyalty of the private soldiers with the frequent defections of the officers; for the adhesion of the educated portion of the army to the cause of their respective States was a proof that they preferred that which they regarded as their primary allegiance to their prospects of professional advancement. In the ranks of the army there was, as the PRESIDENT is well aware, scarcely a single American citizen. The Irish recruits, the English deserters, and the German immigrants, who made up the regular force, in default of a home, a country, or a principle of their own, naturally adhered, with the fidelity of mercenaries, to the flag of the Union. The soldiers did their duty, and the officers may perhaps have committed a mistake, but those who demand that they should be shot by Court-martial urge the Government to commit a series of cowardly murders. General SCOTT, who is perhaps already impatient of civilian violence, will scarcely fail to protect his former comrades from a shameless violation of the laws of war. It is to the credit of Mr. LINCOLN and Mr. SEWARD that they are habitually attacked for their alleged clemency to the so-called rebels; and it may be hoped that they will interfere with the execution of the sentence which will probably be passed by the New York Courts on the crew of a captured privateer. Notwithstanding the terms of the PRESIDENT's proclamation, the employment of privateers is strictly conformable to the laws of the United States; and their crews can only be treated as pirates on the assumption that they are not in the service of a belligerent. Whatever fictions might have been thought expedient three months ago, it is monstrous to summon out an army of 500,000 men, and at the same time to deny the existence of a war. Mr. JEFFERSON DAVIS is a rebel and a traitor only in the sense in which the same terms of abuse were applied by the loyal party to the insurgents of 1776. WASHINGTON insisted from the first on the equal treatment of prisoners on both sides, and the English generals never seriously contested the justice of his demand. The Southern PRESIDENT would act wisely in giving regular commissions instead of letters of marque to the vessels in the employment of his Government; but the United States are, of all nations of the earth, the most recently pledged to the doctrine that privateers are engaged, not in piracy, but in legitimate warfare.

The success of the Southern cruisers in breaking the blockade and in capturing American vessels will probably induce the Government to take vigorous measures for strengthening the naval force in the Gulf of Mexico. Notwithstanding the bluster of the press, neither England nor France will be weak enough to allow their vessels to be seized and confiscated under colour of a paper blockade. If the *Sumter* can pass at pleasure in and out of New Orleans, there is no reason why fleets of cotton ships should not follow in the same track. For the interests of peace, it is perhaps better that the blockade should be made effective than that the acknowledged rights of neutrals should be vindicated by the English squadron. With all the resources of the North at its command, the Federal Government will have little difficulty in buying and manning a sufficient number of vessels to prevent the passage of merchantmen in or out of the blockaded ports. The ships of war would be sufficiently strong and numerous to repel any attack of the enemy on their less effective consorts. If Congress passes the Bill for enabling the Government to collect duties at sea, the President will probably have sufficient prudence to abstain from making use of so unprecedented a power. After declaring a blockade as of an enemy's port, the United States Government cannot relieve themselves from their legal obligations to neutrals by the idle pretence that the rebellious ports are a part of their own dominions. The right of collecting revenue on a sea-board runs with the possession of the coast, and it involves the corresponding duty of protecting commerce both from illegal violence and from every rival fiscal claim. New Orleans may possibly be the property of the United States, but it is not in the possession of the Federal Government. A duty levied by the blockading squadron would not prevent the Confederate authorities from applying the provisions of their own tariff as soon as a vessel approached the shore. Still more pre-eminently absurd would be the demand of customs duties on a cargo which the United States officers prohibited from admission to the port. Congress, as might be expected, merely echoes the popular

feeling of the moment. The grants of men and money exceed by a fourth the demands of the Government, although it is improbable that the whole amount of either supply will be required during the present year. A vote of indemnity to the PRESIDENT, though utterly worthless according to the law and the Constitution, expresses with sufficient fidelity the general opinion of the North. The MORRILL Tariff is retained in all its selfish iniquity, with the unobjectionable additions which were recommended by the SECRETARY of the TREASURY. The debates derive their only interest from the useless protests of a scanty minority of sympathizers with the South from the Border States. Both branches of the Legislature are hurrying over their business with the utmost speed, and the extraordinary session will probably have closed about the end of July. It is impossible to deny that in limiting the opportunity of debate, as well as in throwing their whole strength into the contest, the Northern Americans vindicate their character for good sense, resolution, and vigour. Not a word of previous criticism on the rapidity of their change of sentiment, or on their temporary extravagance of language, requires either retraction or apology. From first to last, in wisdom or in folly, the proceedings of the North have taken foreigners by surprise. The long continuance of abject submission, the sudden revulsion of feeling in favour of war, and finally the astonishing armaments which have been raised, produced the appropriate impressions of astonishment, of contempt, and finally of admiration. The enterprise of the Federal Government still seems to be impracticable, unless the Seceding States offer an unexpected submission. Nevertheless, if the conquest of the Slave regions can by any means be accomplished, the efforts of the North seem calculated to effect the object for which they are designed.

INDIAN ACCOUNT KEEPING.

SIR CHARLES WOOD has made another prosperity speech, which may or may not assist the negotiation of the loan which, as usual, he asks for in aid of the flourishing resources of the dependency over which he rules. It is very easy for a cheerful baronet to ramble in a few flimsy sentences over all the great topics which concern the government of India, and to bid the public cultivate the same elasticity of hope in which his own temperament leads him to indulge. We believe that there is much in the present condition of India to dispel the despondency which so long prevailed on the subject, but the encouragements which the Secretary of State for India presents are not exactly those from which we should be disposed to draw much consolation. Of course we are told, as we are told every year, that a considerable loan will be required, and that the epoch of the coming Indian surplus is fixed for the year after next. The railway expenditure is described, as in former speeches, as the sole occasion for the loan; and the fact is carefully concealed that, under the name of railway deposits, the Indian Government has in fact been borrowing very large sums, the balance of which still remains to be repaid out of the contemplated loan. But the evil which lies at the root of all financial difficulties in India is not so much the constant deficit as the utter uncertainty of all prospective estimates, and the entire fallacy of every official account which the Calcutta authorities have transmitted to England. Mr. WILSON sacrificed his life in the attempt to restore order to the Indian finances—Mr. LAING, by a timely return, has happily escaped the same termination to his labours. Yet the very last accounts which have come home are full of errors more flagrant than any that have been confessed in previous years; and the last estimates framed by Mr. LAING himself are, in the opinion of Sir CHARLES WOOD, and, as it would seem by his statement, are confessed by Mr. LAING to be utterly unworthy of credit.

Sir CHARLES WOOD's statement with reference to the accounts of the year 1859-60 would be amusing enough if it were less serious in its consequences. There is an admitted error of 3,500,000*l.* in the income, and of 2,000,000*l.* in the expenditure of India during a year free from all exceptional disturbances. The two blunders to some extent counteracted each other, and Sir CHARLES WOOD seems to have regarded it as a very satisfactory result that the anticipated deficit of 9,000,000*l.* has been increased by a sum rather less than 2,000,000*l.* No hope is held out of a more exact accordance between the figures and the facts of the following year; and the expectations of Sir CHARLES WOOD and Mr. LAING with reference to the current year differ by not

less than 1,200,000*l.* Perhaps the most singular discrepancy of all is that which has occurred in the amount of the cash balances. Very recently a paper arrived from India, in which the balance at the close of the last financial year was estimated at about 11,500,000*l.* By a subsequent report, a couple of months later in date, the actual amount was reported to have been nearly 13,000,000*l.*, the exact difference being 1,402,000*l.*

If anything could be a proof of the disgraceful system of account-keeping which prevails in India, such a fact as this ought, one would suppose, to be conclusive; but because the little error of a million and a half happens to be on the right side, Sir CHARLES WOOD regards it as the most satisfactory evidence of the improved state of Indian finance, and "feels assured that he need say nothing further to point out that greater confidence than hitherto may be placed on the system of accounts in India, and that that confidence ought to be extended to the estimate for the current year." Sir CHARLES WOOD must have had great confidence in the indifference with which Indian financial statements are listened to, when he ventured on so preposterous a paradox; and if anything could add to the absurdity of such an appeal, it would be found in the next sentence of his speech, in which he declares his entire disbelief in the estimate for which he invites the confidence of Parliament and the country. The truth is, Indian accounts are so thoroughly untrustworthy that it is mere waste of time to discuss the elaborate balance-sheets which are annually produced only to be falsified a few months later; and the first element of business-like method in the management of the public exchequer is as much wanting as it was before an English Chancellor of the Exchequer had been sent to put the accounts of the Indian Government into working order. There can be neither effective economy nor judicious expenditure—and the one is as needful in India as the other—while the Supreme Government is in total darkness both as to its resources and its liabilities. The most recent errors have fortunately been on the right side, but the essence of frugal government is a trustworthy system of account, and no time ought to be lost in introducing into India the same method in these matters which has removed all uncertainty from the balance-sheets of the Imperial Government. When India learns to keep account of its revenue and expenditure, there may be some hope of securing a surplus, and applying it for the benefit of the country; but the confusion which is still allowed to prevail not only baffles the inquiries of the authorities at home, but paralyses the action of the local Government.

In the absence of any figures from which the saving in future years may be estimated, it is so far satisfactory to find that the expenditure ought to fall far short of that to which we have been accustomed. The reduction of 200,000 men in the strength of the native army since the year 1858-9 must lead to a large reduction of expense, whether it may or may not reach the sum of 9,000,000*l.*, which is Sir CHARLES WOOD's random guess. The fluctuations of the opium-tax, it seems, will cause a ruinous diminution in the revenue of the current year; but, after every allowance, it may be assumed as a fair subject for congratulation that the disbanding of an enormous army will do much to relieve the financial embarrassments of India. Vague speculations of this kind are all that the Indian department is able to furnish for the information of the public, and while it may be hoped that the long-promised surplus will at some time or other appear, it is difficult to place much reliance on the predictions of a Minister who has so often prophesied falsely, and who has nothing more definite to say than that "he hopes that in one way or another the deficiency will entirely disappear."

We are not without some chastened hope of the same kind ourselves; but what the country has a right not merely to hope for, but to demand, is that an end should be put to these slipshod statements of account, and that the figures paraded by a responsible Minister for the information of the House of Commons and the encouragement of his friends in the money-market should have some appropriate relation to actual facts. An Indian Budget founded on purely fanciful figures is a farce unworthy of the slightest attention, and if the House of Commons can be brought to insist on anything with reference to India, we do hope that it will protest against being trifled with by the production of such accounts and estimates as have hitherto been received from India. If a surplus cannot be obtained, at least it may be ascertained how much revenue is realized, how

it is applied, and what prospect there is of a reduction of expenditure, or an increase of revenue. Without this knowledge it is idle to debate the feasibility of this or that undertaking for the promotion of the prosperity of the country, and equally vain to assure the world that the loan asked for for the present emergency will assuredly be the last which England will be expected to furnish. To reform the expenditure and to increase the revenue of India is almost a hopeless task, so long as the densest ignorance prevails as to what the outlay or the income of the current year is likely to be. Those who should have the best information confess that they are as much in the dark as the outside world, and while this is the case, their projects of reform will deserve that amount of confidence which is reposed in legislation based on total ignorance. The first requisite in Indian finance is to let some light into the mystery of Indian accounts. No one can guess what revelations might result from the simple measure of introducing an intelligible system of account; nor can any opinion as to the past, or any judgment of what is prudent in the future, be worthy of the least regard, so long as the authorities both in India and at home treat errors of millions as satisfactory evidence of improvement, and invite the confidence of men of business for statements which are declared in the same breath to be altogether fallacious.

AUSTRIA AND HUNGARY.

IT is difficult to suppose that the Austrian Government is ignorant of the motives and principles of the Hungarian Diet, but the policy which dictated the Imperial Rescript remains for the present unintelligible. The discourteous style of the document seems to indicate a desire for the rupture which its substance could not fail to produce; yet it is strange that the EMPEROR should have made so many apparent concessions with the purpose of ultimately reverting to coercion. The lawless despotism which had subsisted since the Russian invasion was thought to have become untenable after the collapse of the Austrian military power in 1859. Taught by late experience, the Court of Vienna began to consult the good-will of its subjects, and the Council of the Empire still represents the system of conciliation which has to a certain extent revived the loyalty of the hereditary German provinces. Without Hungary, Austria would dwindle into a secondary Power, and overtures were naturally made to the free and warlike nation which had in former times been the best support of the Imperial throne. The organization of the counties was restored. The principal nobles were appointed Presidents of the local Assemblies, and finally the Diet was summoned to arrange the terms of a complete reconciliation. Up to this point, the advisers of the EMPEROR were probably in earnest, although their liberal opinions were of too Austrian and official a type to enable them to understand the difference between inherited rights and privileges conceded by the favour of the Crown. The relaxation of usurped authority seemed to the Government a precious boon, while the Hungarians themselves regarded the partial acknowledgment of their franchises as a new and unjustifiable exercise of arbitrary power. From the commencement of the negotiations the national leaders avowed their objects with praiseworthy openness and sincerity. They insisted, in the first instance, that the electoral summons should be issued to all the provinces of the Kingdom, and they have ever since steadily refused to proceed to legislation in a mutilated and imperfect Diet. They further demanded that the King should undergo the ceremony of coronation, with the preliminary condition that he should take the customary oath to the Constitution. Finally, they required the restoration of the Hungarian Ministry, and the separate administration of the War and Finance departments. The validity of the laws of 1848 had already been partially admitted, as the elections had been completed under the system which was then established. The Hungarian demands could only be met by acceptance or refusal, as the principle which they involved was positive and legal, and wholly irrespective of political convenience. It was for the Government to consider whether the allegiance of Hungary was worth securing at the cost of restoring the whole mass of confiscated rights. Whether the sacrifice was expedient or ruinous, it was obviously useless, except for purposes of delay, to haggle about the price of Hungarian loyalty.

The SCHMERLING Ministry were probably slow in understanding that the demands of Hungary were, by an intrinsic necessity, equivalent to an ultimatum. Except in England,

the instinct of constitutional right is imperfectly developed in Europe. The Hungarians have, by a peculiar fortune connected with their character and geographical position, escaped the levelling monotony which prevails over the rest of the Continent. Their institutions, however rude and imperfect, have preserved the principle of freedom, inasmuch as the prerogatives of the Crown have always been rigidly defined by law. The unity of the kingdom and its independence of the Empire rest, not on considerations of expediency, but on immemorial tradition. The arguments of Austrian politicians against duality of power were as irrelevant to the dispute as if they had been directed against the existence of the Magyar race and language. The coronation oath itself was exacted, not as a pledge of Royal good faith, but as the ancient and indispensable condition of the legal occupancy of the throne. The case was stated so fully, so clearly, and so uniformly, that even official understandings must at last have perceived the difference between a legal right and a humble request. Nevertheless the negotiations proceeded, either because it was thought important to gain time, or under the conviction that it might at any moment become necessary to grant the entire Hungarian demands. Perhaps the Government of Vienna hoped that disappointment and distrust would induce the leaders of the Diet to commit some act of violence or encroachment. The Ministers of a Continental Sovereign are slow in discovering the security from practical blunders which is furnished by habitual attachment to law. It is a great advantage when wisdom in action is identified with logical adherence to a definite principle. It has been the interest of the Hungarian leaders to abide with scientific accuracy by the position which they assumed at the commencement of the dispute. Their opponents, on the other hand, have constantly shifted their ground, as their hopes of success have varied with changing circumstances.

The great majority of patriots in Hungary considered it hopeless to rely on the good faith of the Court which had so repeatedly deceived them. Moderate statesmen, however, persuaded their colleagues that it was better to try an experiment which might, with either result, be equally turned to advantage. If the Austrian Government desired to restore the rule of law, it was better to secure the freedom of the country without war or revolution. In the more probable event of a rupture, it was more satisfactory to act on demonstration than on merely probable assumption. It was easy to discover that the Ministers at Vienna would refuse to comply with the legal demands of Hungary; but, as PALEY observes of COPERNICUS and NEWTON, "he alone discovers who proves." The EMPEROR's Rescript completes and closes the induction which hasty reasoners would rashly have taken for granted.

The Austrian Government can only have one ground of reliance in defying the indignation of Hungary. The old experiment of ruling by division of races and of classes is to be tried once more as a last resource. The EMPEROR professes a paternal solicitude for the inhabitants of the Slavonic provinces, and he cannot prevail upon himself to sanction any modern laws except those which extend the franchises of the humbler classes. In Poland, where there are no dependent races to excite against a superior caste, the Russian authorities have recently tried to create popular disaffection against the nobles and landowners. Austria has already adopted the same device in Galicia, and hopes are entertained that the lower classes in Hungary may be detached from the national cause. Political treason and social revolution are questionable instruments in the hands of an absolute Government, and there is reason to believe that the conspiracy of despotism with anarchy will fail in Hungary. Twenty years ago, the Magyar system of oligarchy was injurious to the Slavonic subjects of the kingdom, while it oppressed and degraded the dependent provinces. When the Hungarians rose against Austrian usurpations, necessity as well as justice compelled them to communicate their exclusive privileges both to their neighbours and to the humbler classes in Hungary itself. The Transylvanians and Croats have now a common interest in the independence of the Hungarian Crown, and the people, even in the war of 1848, were heartily united with the gentry. The army which overthrew the Austrian forces in a dozen battlefields was recruited in the villages of Hungary, and it is not probable that the desire of foreign rule has been increased by twelve years' experience of Austrian policemen and tax-collectors. The system of compelling the payment of the revenue by quartering soldiers on the inhabitants

is of itself sufficient to create universal hostility to the usurping Government. The educated classes, as in other countries, preserve the tradition of freedom and independence, but when the nobles appeal to arms, the most warlike population in Europe will undoubtedly rally round the national flag. Those who are inclined to defend the policy of the Austrian Government ought to consider how great an injury and insult is offered to the Diet by the assumption that the Legislature of the country is unable or unwilling to protect the interests of all sections of the community. The distinction which is drawn in the Rescript between just and unjust laws is equivalent to a denial of that legislative power which has not hitherto been openly disputed.

It is a question of secondary importance whether the Rescript is received in silence or resented by an indignant answer. Both parties in the dispute fully understand that negotiation is at an end, and the Austrian Government perhaps hopes that the Diet and the authorities of the counties will at once abdicate their functions. The national leaders will probably disappoint the enemy by continuing as far as possible to exercise the administrative powers which have recently been resumed. The Diet will assuredly not legalize any tax, nor will the counties recognise the validity of any foreign mandate. Actual collision will be probably postponed because the country is disarmed, and the fortresses which were in 1848 centres of resistance are occupied by Austrian garrisons. Resistance will commence whenever it can be attempted with a prospect of success, and if it can be maintained for a short time, the Hungarian troops in the Imperial army will, if possible, force their way to their homes. The Rescript is the disavowal of every attempt which has been made to retain Hungary in willing subjection.

MANCHESTER THEORIES AND AMERICAN FACTS.

IT is remarkable that the leaders of the Manchester party have never thought it necessary to favour the world with their account of American secession and civil war, as seen from the point of view of the Radical platform. The events which are now taking place on the other side of the Atlantic ought to be profoundly interesting to politicians who have hitherto looked to the United States as a model of all that a nation should be; yet not a word, so far as we can remember, has been uttered either by Mr. COBDEN or Mr. BRIGHT since the first news of the secession of South Carolina, from which it can be inferred that those events have engaged their serious study for a single moment. In other days, the apostles of peace and democracy used to have plenty to say about the great Republic of the Western world. They were eloquent, or at least fluent, on the unrivalled moral and social benefits which the Americans derived from their characteristic political institutions. Mr. BRIGHT, in particular, never made a speech without extolling the pacific and economic virtues of democracy as exemplified in the United States, and suggesting how much better it would be for England to have no Court, no aristocracy, no standing army, no Established Church, and, as a consequence, no wars, no debt, and next to no taxes. In his Reform agitation of two or three years ago, the admirable working of an indiscriminate suffrage beyond the Atlantic was his stock argument in favour of extending the franchise in England to the least instructed portion of the community. How is it that all of a sudden the subject of America has been dropped—and dropped, too, just at a time when it has come to be extraordinarily interesting? Both Mr. BRIGHT and Mr. COBDEN have repeatedly addressed public meetings of their countrymen since the commencement of the present struggle, yet they have never felt it incumbent on them even to glance at the bearing of current facts on their favourite theories. It would be exceedingly gratifying and reassuring to their disciples to see it demonstrated that secession and civil war illustrate and confirm the dogmas of the Manchester school; but the demonstration is pertinaciously withheld. It would be only honest, on the other hand, to confess that experience has failed to support doctrines which have heretofore been proclaimed with all the passionate vehemence of sectarian infallibility; but no such confession has yet been vouchsafed. The Manchester orators are provokingly silent on the one theme of all others on which their admirers and their critics alike would just now eagerly listen to them.

Fortunately, the world does not really lose much by a silence which can only be disappointing to those who have believed in these gentlemen's candour, fairness, and love of

truth. The lessons of the American struggle stand out with sufficient prominence on the surface of events, and the average popular intellect is quite able to appreciate them. It will not be easy henceforth for demagogues to persuade even the most credulous and uninformed of their countrymen that war is exclusively, or specially, the game of kings or the trade of aristocracies. It is possible that some Transatlantic BRIGHT or COBDEN of the twentieth century may succeed in satisfying a New York mob that the war between North and South was got up by militia colonels eager for promotion, by jobbing capitalists in quest of a seven per cent. investment, and by hungry newspaper editors in want of "sensational" paragraphs; but it is not likely that any wholesale falsification of contemporary history will be practised on disinterested bystanders. It is at length plain to all mankind that a national war mania may coexist with a genuine detestation of royalty and aristocracy, that the absence of a standing army is no guarantee for the pacific virtues of a people, and even that a turn for contracting war-loans is not necessarily incompatible with universal suffrage and vote by ballot. No European monarchy or oligarchy ever rushed into an armed struggle more heartily, or laid the foundations of a national debt with a freer hand, than the American democracy. It may be added that no Tory politician of the very oldest Old-World school ever declaimed more fiercely against the guilt of a "wicked and unnatural rebellion" than the popular orators and journalists of a land which dates its history from a successful insurrection against established authority. To the impartial student of human nature there is, of course, nothing very novel or astonishing in the discovery that a form of Government which offers unrestrained scope to the passions of the least instructed portion of a people affords an imperfect security against national delusions. The only wonder is, that it should ever have occurred to politicians not devoid of common sense that institutions which exclude or neutralize the influence of educated minds on public affairs necessarily exempt a nation from errors and misfortunes to which all political communities are more or less subject.

There is a somewhat more plausible fallacy which is also decisively refuted by this American conflict. It has always been a favourite notion with our peacemongers that a palpable community of interests—more especially of commercial interests—between two countries, is an infallible security against their ever going to war with each other. There is no dogma about which Manchester politicians feel more positive than this—that close commercial intimacy is an unfailing guarantee for peace. No nation, they tell us, will ever make war against its best customers. Mr. COBDEN only asks five or ten years' fair play for his Commercial Treaty, and he pledges his word that it will be past the power of all the diplomatists and admirals in creation ever again to embroil England and France in a quarrel. Only let the seventy millions of people on the two shores of the British Channel learn to trade together, and to "know and understand each other," and he will defy all the clubs in Pall Mall and all the unprincipled writers in Printing-house Square to set them by the ears. Mr. BRIGHT, as usual, caricatures and exaggerates the theories of his less indiscreet coadjutor, and recommends that the French language should be universally taught in English schools by way of precluding the possibility of future international misunderstandings. There is some plausibility, and even a limited amount of truth, in this "community-of-interests" doctrine, but passing events might suffice to warn its most enthusiastic votaries that it does not quite exhaust all the facts of human nature. No conceivable commercial treaty can ever unite England and France, or any other two countries, in relations of closer intimacy than those which eighty years of a common national existence have cemented between the Northern and Southern halves of the American Confederation; yet, after all, it turns out that a war between them is more than possible. They have traded together for three generations with no custom-house barrier to obstruct their intercourse. They have railways, telegraphs, post-office, and all the rest of the apparatus of civilized existence, in common—not to speak of social and domestic ties. They perfectly "know and understand each other," and no diversity of mother tongue interferes with their thorough mutual comprehension. Yet all this does not prevent them from plunging into a war which, if we are to judge from the singular bitterness of the language held on both sides, threatens to be among the fiercest known to modern history. Here, then, we have the least

irrational article of the Manchester creed tested under peculiarly favourable conditions, and found wanting. No sensible man will dream of denying that community of trading and other interests is ordinarily a potent peace-maker; but no man with his eyes open to what is passing in America will venture to assert that any condition of international relations which it is in the power of commercial diplomacy to create can be relied upon as a specific against war.

It would not be discreditable to politicians who assume the guidance of popular opinion to give themselves the trouble of readjusting their theories into some decent conformity with notorious facts. Mr. COBDEN and Mr. BRIGHT certainly owe it to their followers to take some account of current events which, to say the least, are not apparently reconcilable with dogmas to which they still claim an unquestioning assent. There could not be a more appropriate or useful subject for their oratory at the next Rochdale or Birmingham tea-meeting than the American civil war, considered with reference to the distinctive creed of the Peace party. We can safely assure them that a serious exposition of this most interesting topic would command universal attention, and would be welcomed by thinking men as a valuable contribution to political science. We are sorry that we cannot indulge any confident expectation that either of the Radical agitators will recognise the moral obligation of grappling with an awkward question, or retracting a demonstrated fallacy.

THE SUPPLEMENTARY NAVY ESTIMATES.

NO one who has the least knowledge of what is going on in the dockyards of France and other countries can for a moment doubt the urgent necessity of the vote which has just been taken for the construction of additional iron-cased ships. With a candour which would have been more creditable if it had been less tardy, Mr. LINDSAY himself has at length admitted the fallaciousness of the private information which induced him so long to dispute notorious facts authenticated by the best official and non-official evidence, and guaranteed by the most exact statements of the names of the ships in progress in the various dockyards of the French EMPIRE. Altogether, as Lord CLARENCE PAGET stated, the French have sixteen large iron-plated vessels and eleven floating batteries, either afloat or in course of construction. Of these, nine are launched; one more is either in the water or on the point of being so; and the remainder are being pushed on with the energy with which the Emperor NAPOLEON has invariably pursued a favourite idea. It is quite possible that the whole of this formidable fleet of twenty-seven shot-proof ships may be in commission within a year and a half or two years.

Against these threatening preparations we have four vessels nearly ready, though not one has yet gone to sea. Two more are in progress. The *Achilles* has been actually commenced within the last week, and five wooden ships have been ordered to be converted. This makes but twelve, of which nearly half are as yet untouched. Either three or six more are now proposed to be laid down in the course of the autumn, and though the necessity for this further exertion is plain enough, its sufficiency may well be doubted. Eighteen ships, though they will probably be superior in size and armament, are not the sort of fleet which England should have to set against twenty-seven iron-cased ships across the Channel. Even Mr. LINDSAY acknowledges that the fleet of England ought to surpass that of any other country, and it is not too much to say that it should equal the combined forces of Continental Europe. But for political considerations, the Admiralty would probably have extended its demand far beyond the vote which has been unanimously passed, and, however formidable the expense may be, it is idle to deceive ourselves into the belief that what the Government now proposes to do will be more than an instalment of that reconstruction of the navy which has become an absolute necessity. We may assume that sooner or later an adequate provision will be made to encounter the serious emergencies with which this last novelty in ship-building is pregnant, and the real matter for anxiety is furnished by the doubt whether the dogged persistency of the Admiralty will yield to the suggestions of science in time to secure the most perfect models for the costly fleet which is essential for the safety and influence of the country.

If the hopes held out by the Duke of SOMERSET had been fulfilled, the *Warrior* would before this have been tested by a gale in the Channel, and until this has been done it is

practically impossible to say what ought to be the dimensions or the lines of the new class of armour-plated ships. Once more we are told that the *Warrior* will shortly be in commission, and this time it may be hoped that the promise will be kept. If the sea-going qualities of this our first specimen should equal the predictions of Lord CLARENCE PAGET, the most serious difficulty in the construction of these vessels will have been surmounted. Experiments, indeed, are going on still for the purpose of ascertaining the very best form in which the iron sheathing can be applied; but this, important as it is, is not the only, or the most uncertain question which will have to be solved. We know already tolerably well what iron can do for us, and under what circumstances it will fail as a protection. The heaviest ordnance at very short ranges has battered to pieces targets as heavy as it is possible for almost any ship to carry; but against any cannonade at moderate ranges, or from guns of less than the very largest calibre, it is demonstrated that iron plates will afford a defence sufficient for all practical purposes. The main difficulty is to construct a ship capable of bearing the weight of the sheathing now in use without detriment to its sea-going qualities, and if a still greater thickness of iron should be found essential, it is impossible, in the present state of knowledge, to say on how vast a scale it may not be requisite to lay down our future frigates.

Some sense of this difficulty seems to be indicated by Lord CLARENCE's intimation that the new ships will be at least as large as the *Warrior*. Those who are best-informed on the subject are said to anticipate the necessity of working on a scale much grander, and of course much more costly, than has yet been attempted; and it is to the final solution of questions of this kind, even more than to the testing of different forms of targets, that the attention of the Admiralty should be instantly directed. A ship once commenced cannot be very easily enlarged so as to acquire additional floatation and stability, while the particular character of her sheathing, when once its substance is decided on, may be left to be determined at a later stage of her progress. With the *Warrior* once at sea, the problem will advance more in a week than it can do in months by the best-devised target experiments; and it is to be hoped that the Admiralty, whose delays in this respect have already surpassed the worst shortcomings of the unlucky Galway Company, will find the way at length to redeem the repeated promises which they have made of an early completion of their trial ship.

The enormous expense involved in the construction of the new fleet is unfortunately not the only item of cost in which a formidable increase must be looked for. A few years ago a ship 300 feet long was unknown in the navy, but these new monsters of naval architecture are setting all old experience at defiance. An extreme length of 400 feet has already been approached, and provision will have to be made for possible vessels of even larger dimensions. The consequence is, that we have but one basin capable of receiving the class of frigates now in course of construction, while France is almost superabundantly furnished with the means of refitting a disabled fleet. It is the same story whether we look to the construction of ships or to the appliances of dockyards. The French have been steadily at work with a clear prescience of the revolution which was impending, while our Admiralty has gone on trusting to exploded models and insufficient dockyards. A large increase in the area of Chatham Dockyard, to be devoted chiefly to the construction of new basins, has already been recommended, as a work of urgent necessity, by the Committee which has been engaged in investigating the capabilities of the dockyards. Ample means of repairing injured ships are almost equivalent in time of war to a second fleet in reserve, and in such resources we should be even more in arrear of France than in the actual strength of our iron-cased fleet.

It is a serious thing to contemplate the many forms of expenditure which threaten, for years to come, to swell the Navy Estimates. But the necessity is so obvious that there is no choice but to go on without stint, or at least without parsimony. There is one way, indeed, in which economy might be reconciled with effective progress. If all the money that is yearly wasted could be saved, the navy might probably be brought up to the necessary standard in every respect without any alarming addition to the votes; but this kind of economy would require a stringent Dockyard reform, which it is hopeless to expect from the existing Board of Admiralty. Condemned on all hands, by naval officers and civilians alike—even by the very men who have most successfully conducted the

naval administration of the country—the Board of Admiralty still remains, and seems likely to remain; and the country pays some millions a year more than it need for the luxury of maintaining at the head of its most important administrative department a Board so constituted as to be unable to work with effect, and so managed as to aggravate the evils of divided responsibility and perpetual change in its composition. The session has passed; and in spite of some hopeful symptoms in the early part of the year, the Admiralty still survives to sit as an incubus on the navy of England. For this year, at any rate, there can be no improvement; and it is impossible to indulge the hope that the vast outlay necessitated by the ambition of a foreign Sovereign will be lessened by the judicious administration of our own resources.

LEISURE.

THE season is approaching when all busy people to whom fate allows the happiness of periodical relaxation take a holiday. The natural transition from labour is rest—from mental strain and effort, leisure. This, then, being an intellectual and busy age, leisure, as its corrective, should be cultivated and understood. But it appears to us that real leisure is a neglected if not forgotten pursuit—such leisure as gives the charm to Walton's *Angler*, as breathes in Mr. Dyce's well-known picture of Bemerton, and as is so tenderly and graphically described in *Adam Bede* as belonging to the Sunday afternoons of a past generation. Leisure is, indeed, the natural reaction from work, especially mental work, but it needs some independence and courage to accept it as relaxation in these days. Now that people can do a great deal in a little time, and go far for a little money, mere repose of mind and body, even intelligent repose, seems slow and poor; and thus labour retains its hold on the busy, only changing its aspect, and calling itself amusement and distraction instead of business—accepted as a substitute for leisure, but by no means fulfilling its functions.

When Charles Lamb declared that, had he a son, he would call him Nothing-to-do, and he should do nothing, it was the yearning of a mind overwrought in uncongenial work, and deliberately ignoring the nature of leisure. Nothing-to-do would have had no taste for his father's ideal. In fact, it is an accomplishment to be able to enjoy leisure. It needs a mind able for a given time to feed upon itself and to furnish its own delights—a condition of which the idle and the over-busy are alike incapable. It is only the mind disciplined by work that can estimate the charm of leisure; but it must be a mind to which work has been a discipline, not an instinct and a necessity, as it is with some people. What constitutes the desired state is to acquiesce in work as a duty, but never to be so far engrossed by it—so far its slave—as not to regard leisure as the reward and Sabbathical consummation of labour. On the other hand, Sydney Smith enumerates among the consequences of civilization a vast number of persons with nothing to do, and those, he says, who have nothing to do, must either be amused or expire with gaping. To recommend seasons of leisure to the victims of blank idleness would be a mockery. Their only notion of pleasure is excitement—to be relieved for a time from the intolerable burden of themselves. We suppose there is no mind so fertile as not to experience this void without constant stimulants from without, and therefore there is no one who can cheerfully endure long unbroken periods of leisure; but we believe that the richest, fullest minds are the most capable of it, and also find it the most absolute necessity. A great deal of the work of the world is rushed into from the unconscious dread of vacuity. There is no alternative with many people between doing something positive and absolute vacancy. When they stand still from their work, having nothing to fall back upon, they feel idle. Now idleness and the enjoyment of leisure, however often confused, have really nothing in common. Leisure is a process of mental assimilation and digestion for which habit or nature unfits a good many. Busy unreflecting minds never can recognise it as relaxation, and therefore must so far sympathize with idleness that they too must seek in diversion and distraction the counterpoise for their ordinary condition.

Leisure is the state of receiving impressions without direct deliberate search for them. It implies a mind in a receptive state, all its senses and pores healthily open. What refreshment is equal to this passive reception of new and agreeable images during a period of natural fatigue, allowing the time and scene to inspire their influences without effort or hurry? It needs not a few requisites to fit a man to be thus ministered to by the occasion. His tastes must be cultivated, and he should have a good faculty of observation; he must not be a man of one idea; he must have a tolerable serenity of temper, and should also possess the quality of patience, permitting surrounding influences due time to work their effects. This faculty of waiting, of taking and giving time—and a longer time than active, over-busy temperaments can believe worth while—is an essential concomitant of all great efforts. Genius cannot do its work without it. Poets and inventors of all kinds cannot accomplish their mission without periods of passive reception of impressions in the gentle trance of leisure which the busy world confounds with idleness and waste of time. We might also claim for love of leisure a conscience free from sudden stings and great alarms, but that this goes beyond our theme. To leisure certainly be-

longs the power of knowing what we like—of being aware of our own tastes and affinities. It takes a long time—sometimes a lifetime is not enough—to teach people who are doing what other people do and pursuing a routine, how far they are consulting their own happiness. Almost all the expensive pleasures, the dissipations of life, are committed by persons who have never quietly asked themselves how far they are interested by them or really care for them; but people thrown upon their own resources know immediately when they are bored. The mind which gives itself time to breathe and think is far less liable to these mistakes, if not wholly safe from them, as it is also safe from the danger of possession by a fixed idea. The man who secures to himself intervals of leisure will not often be the victim of hobbies. These will be found to infest minds incapable of thorough, genuine relaxation.

As we have said, the true idea of leisure is inseparable from work. The only animals that seem capable of it are working animals, not from instinct, but compulsion. It must occupy an interval with work behind and before—work to look back upon, work in prospect; and we think also it is more complete and more enjoyed with the labour of others before our eyes and impressing the imagination, as we see horses at pasture spending a good deal of their leisure in calm survey of the turnpike road where the drudgery of their lives is passed. The sight of other horses engaged in the toil from which they are exempt, enhances their sense of rest. *L'Allegro*, with all rural works and sounds in busy operation, is a poet's exposition of leisure. By a few magic words he brings before us a succession of busy images which we survey in a lull of charmed repose. Tennyson's lotus-eaters, in the land "where it is always afternoon," induce a sympathetic dreaminess of quite a different temper from the refreshing realities of Milton's rustic muse, and have no affinity with leisure. Again, leisure is to be sought and enjoyed in the fishing village, watching the fisherman's strenuous toil and the fitful picturesque business of the whole population, rather than in the watering-place, where everybody is idle. Here, the idleness infects us, and we feel vacant. There, we sympathize in our repose with other men's work, not in selfish immunity, but recognising the law of alternate labour and rest to which we ourselves submit. Soon those athletic workers will abandon themselves to the utter relaxation which only sailors and fishermen can attain to. Soon the village-green and the blacksmith's forge will offer some compensation to the rustic for the day's heat and labour, and soon leisure must give place to work again. The scenes which naturally occur to us as congenial to leisure will imply nature and man working together. The factory and the loom—all that has to do with steam—are too unremitting, too unvarying, too noisy. Even in the labours of nature where man has no part, those effects are most conducive to leisure which are intermitting and homely, or at least familiar in character. The remote, the sublime, and unchanging in scenery, produce exaltation and excitement when people are duly affected by them, but they do not leave us in sufficiently calm possession of ourselves for leisure. Something new, something of the nature of surprise and change, is necessary to all pleasure; but leisure asks for it to be of the least exciting character, felt in new effects rather than in new scenes. Under the influence of leisure, these act on the intelligent mind as first impressions do on childhood. There is no conscious effort, but there is a receptive power which the over-busy temperament never knows. What are "the children sporting on the shore," or "the forty cattle feeding like one," or the humours of the farmyard, or the evolutions and harmonious clamour of a flock of sea-gulls, to a man who has so much to do before bed-time—so far to go—such a train to catch. Yet how freshening and invigorating are such and a thousand similar sights to a man with a mind and senses awake to them, content for a little while to rest on the present, and let what he sees and hears drive off and exorcise all cares and objects beside!

Such being the case, we have often wondered why greater efforts are not made to secure periods of leisure. The busy man, and people who from fashion follow his lead, have spent the spare hours for weeks past in counting up how much can be done in a given time, how many miles traversed, how many mountains ascended, how much fatigue undergone. Now, we do not wish to disparage travelling, which is sometimes very high real enjoyment. When it is so, it is worth more than all the money and effort it costs; but sometimes it is only a pursuit after letters from one end of Europe to another, in which a man might at any moment test the amount of his gains by stopping the whirl of machinery he has set to work and standing still—forming no plans, but resting where he finds himself, when he is very likely to realize that he is not at all amused, and to wish himself back at his more congenial work at home. It is true that leisure has an intense aversion to plans, holding that going to pleasure is nothing like having pleasure come to us. To persons of this temper, the questions, "What are you going to do with yourself?—What are your plans for the day?" fall like a blow. Perhaps this is partly the reason why plans for the enjoyment of leisure are never formed. Persons who would care for it when it came could not take these means to acquire it. So, then, things must remain as they are, and people must go through any amount of weariness and expense to procure excitement, while they are fully aware that the most agreeable hours of their lives—those most pleasant at the time, and leaving most unalloyed memories—belong to some happy

period of leisure, especially companionship in leisure, which came with so little trouble that we wonder why it does not come oftener. But perhaps quiet pleasures are least to be reckoned on, for, after all, they need a mind at ease and in accord with its surroundings. Trouble and care may be forgotten, driven out by other minor worries and anxieties, but an oasis in our own desert may be harder to find. Yet, if it could be managed—if for some short space we could withdraw from our work, not necessarily in body, but in spirit, with some few congenial companions—if we could make sure of a few sunny days of real peace and quiet thought and talk—if this could now and then be tried, we are sure some happy experiments might be wrought out, sending men back to their work with mind and body more refreshed and purses not so empty as on the more elaborate and conventional arrangement which is the acknowledged type of holiday in our day.

THE HOUSE OF LORDS.

TO students of political human nature there are few problems more puzzling than the motive which makes public men like to be promoted to the House of Lords. To those who value the privilege of walking in to dinner in front of people who used to walk in front of them, the gratification is of course intelligible. To persons of an artistic, or æsthetic, or heraldic, or sentimental turn of mind, there are a certain number of pleasurable sensations, hard to clothe in words, but not difficult to recognise, which are called up by belonging to a body of historical celebrity. But statesmen are seldom exposed to either the nobler or the meaner of these influences. They are rarely archæological, and still more rarely punctilious upon the subject of dinner-table precedence. What they value is fame and power. They love to have their eloquence recognised in an assembly worthy of hearing it, and their will felt in the policy that guides the empire. It is scarcely possible that any public man can dream that these objects will be attained in the House of Lords. And yet a glance at the division lists is sufficient to show that, considering the scanty number of living English celebrities, they are no inconsiderable number who have deliberately exchanged the House of Commons for the House of Lords.

It is presumable that distance—even so narrow a distance as the width of St. Stephen's-hall—lends some sort of enchantment to the view. Yet a walk behind the bar on any ordinary night should have sufficed to dispel any illusions upon the subject. To the public at large, who are satisfied to know no more of Parliamentary proceedings than they read in the debates, the House of Lords may well seem just as good a place for speech-making as the House of Commons. It is only by actual inspection that a man can realize to himself the full terrors of that purgatory of orators. It is difficult to find any simile that shall adequately convey, to any person who has not watched it, the chill sense of desolation with which it strikes a beholder. A Quaker jollification, a French horse-race, a Presbyterian psalm, are all lively and exciting compared to an ordinary debate in the House of Lords. It is bad enough even on great nights, when the presence of the ladies, and a perceptible attendance of peers, prevent the House from seeming empty. Lord Grey, after he had made his first speech there, is reported to have said on coming out that it was like speaking in a church vault. To a spectator it seems still more to resemble a debate in one of Madame Tussaud's show-rooms. The misplaced and overdone magnificence of the decoration, the immovable Chancellor planted out in the middle of the Chamber, the equally motionless clerks, and the rows of figures on each side, evidently intended to represent celebrities and to convey to posterity an idea of the variety of attitudes in which English gentlemen of the nineteenth century can pose—all conspire to give the idea of a high-class wax-work exhibition. If it were not for the orator thundering, or trying to thunder, at the table, the whole would form a fine picture of still life. Naturally, such an impassive audience has an effect on the nerves of a speaker who is new to the ordeal—unless, indeed, he be endowed with Lord Westbury's *æs triplex*. When Lord Herbert made his first speech there, it was universally said that he had not done justice to his reputation. How was it to be expected that he should? He is eminently a sympathetic speaker. He was accustomed to an audience who gave signs of being alive—who cheered him when he pleased them, and gave vent to various other inarticulate sounds when he did not. He was not prepared to struggle against the icy somnolence of these aristocratic altitudes. Point, epigram, wit, sentiment, passion, *élan*, were all frozen out of him in a moment, by the mute *insouciance* of his new auditory. If they would only have hooted him, he would have done better. He felt like Alexander Selkirk on meeting the unknown beasts—"their silence was horrid to me." It is like no other lay assembly in the world. Some of the leaders, like Lord Derby and Lord Granville, get acclimated to it at last; besides, they are helped out by their colleagues or ex-colleagues, who cheer them officially once or twice during their speeches in a courtly manner. The only speakers who are thoroughly at their ease, and have the full use, such as it is, of all their powers, are the Bishops. But then the assembly resembles no other audience so much as one in which they are naturally at home—the asphyxiated congregation of a West-end chapel. A very slight lapse of memory might lead a bishop into thinking he was preaching to a congregation in the Chapel Royal. The prevalent demeanour of the audience would certainly confirm the illusion. The only difference is, that at

Westminster the Peers may go away when they have had enough of the sermon—a liberty of which they largely avail themselves.

But whatever the terrors of a great night may be, the public man who enters the House of Lords with an intention of continuing his Parliamentary activity must take it as a luxury rarely to be enjoyed. On ordinary nights he must make up his mind to every species of mortification to which any man who takes an interest in the conduct of public business can be exposed. His usual audience will be about six—two Ministers, two chiefs of Opposition, a young peer who hopes to get a chance of speaking, and a bishop meditating upon the approach of dinner-time. If he persists in speaking beyond the witching hour of seven, probably this last constituent of his auditory will also disappear. If he is pertinacious in discussing the multitudinous Bills which the assembly in which he is sitting is supposed to sanction, and thereby reduces official peers to the vulgar habit of early dining prevalent among the Commons, he must make up his mind to be voted a bore of the first water, and snubbed on every occasion in any seemly manner that may offer itself. He may console himself, however, with the reflection that he has had a real career elsewhere, and may still have a sham one, if he will put his zeal in his pocket, and, abandoning the real work of legislation, be satisfied with occasionally haranguing on the condition of things in general and some foreign country in particular. His position is at least far better than that of that most helpless of human beings—a young peer of an ambitious turn of mind. There is no kind of animal to which the Peers show such a determined and inflexible dislike as to a young member of their own body afflicted with a taste for public affairs. The laws of the country will not permit them to give him over, as they would like to do, to the Usher of the Black Rod, to undergo the application of that functionary's peculiar weapon. They are obliged to content themselves with throwing the most saturated of wet blankets on every ebullition of his youthful zeal. When more than one peer rises to address the House, the House itself selects whom it will hear: and that selection is never in favour of a young speaker. Before dinner, therefore, he rarely has a chance; during dinner, he must lash himself up to withstand the coldly contemptuous looks of the half-dozen who remain, or steel himself against those mute appealing glances at the clock with which the last survivor of the episcopal bench warns him to do as he would be done by; and there is no after-dinner, as a rule, in the House of Lords. It is needless to say that on the great nights he is utterly shut out, and that, if he were to venture upon so unheard-of an excess as moving the adjournment of a debate, the very woollack would rise up to smother him. Under these circumstances, zealous young peers have naturally become as rare as liberal journalists in France. With one or two exceptions, such as Lord Wodehouse and Lord Carnarvon, the succession of peers is absolutely cut off, and the future eminence of the House depends entirely upon the recruits it receives from the House of Commons. According to present appearances, there is every probability that when the present race of statesmen shall have passed away, Lord Bath will be among the most distinguished of the peers.

This is not a very hopeful state of things. The hereditary principle, spite of its conflict with the mass of modern ideas, is still valued by the majority of the nation. It possesses all the strength of a long historical tradition, and has become instinctive with the holders of property. And even stern political logicians, looking at it as a rough security for the predominance of the wealthier and more educated classes, are not inclined to lift their hands against it. In the present aspect of the world, it is likely to be left unmolested for an indefinite period. Even extreme theorists hesitate now to offer social equality as a certain remedy for human ills. But there is one assault against which the hereditary principle cannot stand. It cannot resist the voluntary abdication of those who represent it. If the peers really mean to tell the world that as a body they are unequal to their duties, or unwilling to perform them—that their scanty attendance, and microscopic division-lists, and perfunctory sittings, and debates mainly conducted by those who have not inherited their peerage, indicate a genuine repulsion for the duties the Constitution lays upon them—no doubt can be entertained of the end to which such a state of feeling must lead. The peerage cannot survive a deliberate condemnation by the peers. They bear too many marks of an institution from which the life is departing. The leaders take no pains to train disciples to succeed them—the younger men show no eagerness to step into the thinning ranks. If it is to be so, they must be conscious that the end will be of their own contriving. It is idle to say that the spirit of the age is against them, and that they dare not exercise the powers which the constitution has placed in their hands. They have never genuinely tried. They have never ascertained by experiment what amount of trust the public would repose in a body doing its duties with as much zeal as an elective assembly, and with all the independence which an elective origin takes away. In any case, the question should be brought to the test. A Second Chamber, active, vigilant, and powerful, is a vital necessity to a well-regulated State. The general belief is, that the House of Lords is perfectly competent to fulfil those conditions. The only people who appear to doubt it are the Lords themselves. Whatever the truth may be, the sooner it is known the better. It will be time to provide a substitute when the House of Lords has shown by actual experiment that public

opinion does not trust it to exercise a vigorous and effective control over legislation. But the most pernicious alternative to which we can be reduced is that of a sham Second Chamber, itself only taking a perfunctory part in the business of legislation, and yet by its presence excluding the possibility of a more efficient substitute.

MR. ROBERTS.

IT is worse than a logical error to generalize too rapidly in social matters. The average morality of the various classes of the community cannot be struck, because there are no grounds upon which we can say that any particular class is advancing or falling back. Little can safely be affirmed, when we come to compare the moral state of society in one age or country with that of another; yet, as far as current and immediate materials for forming a judgment go, it is often thought that the middle-class of English society does not just now maintain that character which, whether justly or not, has been attributed to it. But then everything depends on the sources of information. If such a book as Walpole's *Letters to Mann* gives anything like a fair picture of high life, it must be admitted that a century ago the aristocracy of England was all but plunged into a sea of private vices. But the scandalous *ana* of our own age are not yet written, or not yet published; and perhaps the higher we go the greater are the necessities for observing the *bienséances*. As to middle-class life, it is only of late years that publicity has penetrated into the ordinary British home. The Divorce Court is a very recent institution. Newspaper reports tell us more about the middle classes because the middle class is the most numerous, and is that in which violations of the social laws most naturally come into the publicity of Courts of Justice. The profligacy of high life and the brutality of low life more frequently escape public attention, because, in the one case, concealment is a matter of interest, and in the other there is no call from public opinion to parade, or even to correct, private wrong. An intrigue in Belgravia and a brutal assault in Whitechapel escape that publicity which is sure to attend vice in Bloomsbury. All that we can at present say about vice in Bloomsbury is, that we happen to hear more about it than about vice elsewhere; but it would be premature to conclude that the late homicide in Northumberland-street, and the inner life displayed in the investigation into the death of Mrs. Cathrey in New Cavendish-street, are to be taken as signs of the times, or evidences of the state of commonplace English life.

There is nothing very new in the late Mr. Roberts' character. Men have often committed, or tried to commit, murders under similar circumstances. To get rid of a hated rival, they have lost sight of the commonest dictates of prudence under the influence of passion. They have shown a reckless and blind insensibility to the certainty of detection, and a frenzy amounting to an insane stupidity, which might perhaps equal, but could not exceed, the deliberate ferocity and unreasoning imbecility displayed by Mr. Roberts in his attempted murder of Major Murray. Many an astute, crafty, and money-grubbing money-lender may have gone mad from lust or jealousy, and there is a picture of such a character in the *Mysteries of Paris*, similar even in its details to this man. But it is in the domestic circumstances of the story that its true interest and its social importance consist. Mr. Roberts' life was not perhaps the most reputable form of business life; still it was, externally, that of the staid, regular, moral man of middle-class life and middle age. His was the type of respectability and propriety—the type of the man who goes to business every day, has his office and his home, with wife and family, and all that is decorous about him. It may be that his particular kind of business would not always bear a very close scrutiny. He dealt in money, and he occasionally found means for other people to do a little business under fictitious names; and his line of business was that of agency and commission, and brokerage and percentage. But what of all this? There are thousands of wives who cannot tell what exact line of business their husbands pursue. All that they know is that they go down to "the office" and come home to dinner, by the train or in the omnibus. It is not ours to inquire or even to understand our neighbour's calling, and even if we knew that he lent fifteen pounds to receive twenty at the end of three months, after all it is only the great discount houses and the great bill-brokers under another and a shabbier form—it is but Lombard-street and Bartholomew-lane in Northumberland-street. And if it should turn out that Mr. Roberts is sometimes somebody else, or that somebody else is Mr. Roberts, what then? Are not great leather-merchants possessed of the same divided or ubiquitous personality? The manner of man which Mr. Roberts was is a very usual one; and though the world happens to know that his brokerage and commission were at times rather unscrupulous, it is only because we have been allowed to peep into his day-book, and not into that of his next-door neighbour. And if you follow Mr. Roberts to his decorous home, there is nothing to stimulate suspicion. He goes to the Crystal Palace with his wife and son, or he has his little Sunday dissipation at Spurgeon's, all in the staid, sober, domestic, respectable way. What if he introduces a lady to "his better half"? She is only the wife of a business friend! Nothing suspicious, nothing unusual, nothing picturesque or romantic in all this. But behind, there is a burning, maddening passion in this decent, respectable gentleman of more than middle age, consuming and eating

out not only his soul, but even destroying every prudential consideration. Although, throughout, his guilty passion was mixed up with the meanness, oppression, and terrorism of his craft, yet the passion, as passion, was as wild and fierce and unreasoning as ever M. Dumas painted. It was the passion of a wild beast rather than of a man—only the wild beast was, after all, a prosaic London bill-discounter. If Mr. Roberts had killed Major Murray, what then? How was he to dispose of his victim? The question very likely no more presented itself to his raving, raging mind, than did the absurdity of shooting his victim with a little pocket-pistol when he had revolvers and horse-pistols at his elbow. We say nothing about the characteristic fashion with which he held her petty liabilities over the woman who represents herself as his victim. We count less of this, for we have only heard Miss Moodie's account of the date of her relations with the amorous and romantic money-lender; and a lady who could indite such exceedingly curious letters as those with which Major Murray's mistress was confronted, cannot be surprised if the world suspects other examples of that same "craft" in which she owns to her proficiency on at least one occasion.

We are not going to recal all the details of this remarkable case, or to point a moral from it. Already the "Northumberland-street tragedy" has reached that exact stage of ripeness which renders a nine days' wonder a very stale and stupid subject for discussion. But the commonplace ordinary character of the life and conversation of Mr. Roberts, his family and associates, may be taken to conclude and represent more than it is worth. His life was, in its outside shape and form, the life of thousands of men of business; but our middle classes are not to be judged by Mr. Roberts. The case only shows that great tragic deeds and passions—the passions of Macbeths, and Othellos and Cencis—may be about us and around us in omnibuses and penny steamboats; but this is no reason why we should suspect everybody we meet in omnibuses or penny steamboats. Nevertheless, a tragedy of this sort may have its influences in the sphere in which Mr. Roberts moved. It is the natural tendency of familiarity with great crime to produce a sort of tenderness and sympathy with it, when its perpetrators and victims are the sort of people we meet with every day. There is such a thing as a morbid imitation of crime. When people begin to throw themselves off the Monument, a fashion in this sort of suicide springs up. We deprecate the notion of young or middle-aged gentlemen getting to think that it is not a very outrageous, or a very horrid and uncommon thing, for a decent married man to make love on the sly, and with the assistance of his money influences, to his neighbour's wife or his neighbour's mistress, and to use his offices in the city for carrying on a vulgar intrigue of this description. It is quite true that Mr. Roberts did not vary much in externals from a very ordinary type of character; but the lesson is wrong which does not also conclude that he was a desperate ruffian of the very vilest kind—a stupid sensual wretch, without a particle, not only of honour, but of common sense. If he was a criminal of the first class, he was also a fool of the first water. And this is really the romance of crime when it comes to fact. It is very disillusionizing, as the French say. It is very stupid and commonplace. Mr. Roberts was after all a wretched fool, and this is that part of his ugly character which it is best to dwell upon.

It is usually so, and it is well that it is so. Here is another revelation of family life in that pleasant household in New Cavendish-street. The slaughtered lady, who has a husband, but is separated from him; the woman-slayer who has had a parallel domestic misfortune, and whose wife has eloped; the son who cannot make out the sort of relations which everybody has to everybody, especially those of his mother with her friend and guest—all this is a queer kind of English home, and yet it is a household such as would pass muster. The inmates go to the Opera in an ordinary way, and affect to be a community of friends—a home of friendship and morality, in which, however, strong passions and a strong arm produce some very tragical and awful results. There is a romance of some sort in the Divorce Courts, and of course there is some thrilling love-story, or some case of wrong and passion, which must have gone before every application to Sir Cresswell. Mrs. Cathrey and Mr. Westbrook might, each or either, have an exciting tale of wrong to tell; but the end of it all, and of most romances and tales of passion, is very unromantic, very vulgar, and very vile—just as vile and vulgar as the story of a row among the thieves and their female friends in Wapping.

GOODWOOD RACES.

THE interest of Goodwood races has been sustained this year at its full height. On Tuesday, in the race for the Stewards' Cup, a squadron of forty-five riders started for a three-quarters-of-a-mile race. This was an extraordinary, but scarcely a gratifying spectacle. It is evident that in so short a race horses must remain behind from simple inability to find an opening in the crowd to reach the front. The success of Croagh Patrick may be looked upon in Ireland as a proof that he is the best horse that ever ran, but in England it will probably be regarded as an example of unadulterated good luck. No doubt it was a very pretty sight to see this many-coloured band of horsemen streaming down the gentle slope with which the short course begins, and also to see them far more widely scattered over the steeper

hill which at Goodwood serves so excellently to reduce the velocity with which they fly past the judge's chair. Although such a race has an admirable pictorial effect, still the quantity of sport produced by bringing forty-five horses to the post in the same short race seems disproportionate to the trouble and expense incurred. However, the Stewards' Cup is entitled to the popularity it enjoys for the reason that it gives everybody a chance. Humble merit is admitted by the handicapper to a start upon advantageous terms. The winner on this occasion, who is a three-year-old, carried only 5st. 9lb., being, with one exception, the lightest-weighted horse that ran. Can it be supposed that his prominence in the betting was due to any other cause than this? Enthusiastic Irishmen may say that he was supported for his intrinsic merit, but impartial spectators will believe that the handicapper let him in so easily because that merit had hitherto failed, from whatever cause, to obtain general recognition, and that the public backed him because he carried more than two stone less than some other horses of the same age. No doubt handicapping, within certain limits, is necessary, because without it all the prizes would be swept away by a small number of the best horses of the respective years. But such a handicap as the Stewards' Cup at Goodwood seems to have for its principal result the encouragement of the talent for managing a bad horse well. These races are productive of a vast deal of gambling, and the arts by which success is most likely to be attained in them are neither so honourable nor so useful as those of breeding and training horses. Of course we have not the least intention to impute proficiency in this ignoble cunning to individuals. All we intend to say is, that the system is excellently adapted for encouraging it.

Nearly the same observation applies to the great race of Wednesday for the Goodwood Stakes. The highest weight, 9st. 13lb., was allotted to Thormanby, who did not start. The lowest weight in the handicap was 5st. 7lb., and the winner, Elcho, carried 5st. 13lb. The difference in age between Thormanby and Elcho is one year, while the difference in the weights allotted to them was 4st. If we look at the scale of weights for the Goodwood Cup, we shall find that if both these horses had been entered for it, the difference between their weights would only have been 2st. 3lb. Thus Elcho had an advantage in the Stakes, which is a handicap, of 1st. 11lb. beyond what he would have had in the Cup, which is a weight for age race. Now suppose that what was said by some persons after Elcho had won the Stakes were true—viz., that he is a horse good enough to have won the Derby. He certainly might be such a horse without impediment to his getting into this handicap on easy terms, provided that his previous career had been unobtrusive. The handicapper, we presume, is guided in his allotment of weights by the public performances of the competitors; and, therefore, if a good horse is kept in reserve for this particular contest, he is almost certain to enter it on easy terms. We observe that Lupus, who is of the same age as Elcho, carried 1st. 3lb. more, and yet nobody can now doubt that Elcho is a much better horse than Lupus. But it happened that something had been seen of the latter, and nothing, or next to nothing, of the former; and Elcho was consequently allowed to run in this race on terms which made his success look, to those who knew his quality, as near an approach to certainty as can be expected among the chances of the turf. We must again repeat that these remarks are not intended to have any personal application. Our only object is to explain why we regard the Stakes at Goodwood as of very inferior interest to the Cup. These Stakes are like the other great handicaps. They supply the machinery for enormous gambling, but the best horses on the turf seldom either win or try to win them. The question beforehand always is, not whether a horse is absolutely good, but whether he is better than he has been estimated by the handicapper. It can scarcely be expected that the owner of such a horse as Thormanby would consent to run him against horses only one year younger to whom he would have to give the enormous advantage of 4st. 6lb.

Mr. Ten Broeck's horse, Starke, a veteran of six years old, was the favourite for the Stakes, in which he carried only 7st. 9lb., or 6lb. less than his stable companion, Umpire, who is two years younger. This same race was won by Starke in 1859, and being now so lightly handicapped, he was very confidently backed by those who did not know or believe that Elcho was so good as he turned out. The early part of the race was marked by the energetic efforts of Umpire and Schism—the one on behalf of Starke, and the other, we suppose, of Elcho, to make and keep a pace. The lead was taken by Umpire, and kept by him until the turn for home. As he fell back into the second place, Starke came forward into the third, and the latter's most dangerous rival, Elcho, at the same time took up his position for the final struggle. The horse who was then leading was disposed of without difficulty, and the race was left to Starke and Elcho. There was a difference between them of three years, and less than two stone of weight. Starke was ridden by Fordham, and Elcho by Daley, of whom the former among men, and the latter among boys, is unsurpassed in jockeyship. The finish, however, was not of a very exciting character, because it appeared only too clearly that Elcho was an easy winner. Indeed, if he really were anything like a Derby horse, his task, under a light weight and skilful pilotage, could not be difficult. Nevertheless, the disappointment to the American party on the turf must have been

very great, because Starke's chance, according to ordinary rules of judgment, was a good one, and all was done that could be done to better it. Mr. Ten Broeck's spirited and honourable conduct on the turf would have well deserved a repetition of the triumph which Starke gained for him in this same race two years ago. But fate decreed that Starke should prove no better on this occasion than a very good second. As often happens on the turf, the calculations of his supporters were verified sufficiently to reflect credit on their judgment, but not to save their money.

However, the defeat of Starke for the Goodwood Stakes was compensated by his carrying off next day the more honourable, although less remunerative trophy of the Cup. The weights for this race are fixed according to age, with certain penalties for previous successes, and with allowances to foreign horses. Thormanby, who headed the list in this race as well as in the Stakes, carried 9st. for his age and 10lb. extra for his reputation. The Wizard, of the same age, carried only 9st. Starke, being two years older, would have carried, if an English horse, 9st. 10lb., and, taking off 1st. for his foreign breeding, he was left under 8st. 10lb. In the same way, Mr. Ten Broeck's second horse, Optimist, of the same age as the Wizard, carried only 8st.; and the French mare, Mon Etoile, carried one stone less than Dulcibella, of equal years. It was calculated that Thormanby, although he outstrode the Wizard in last year's Derby, was not so decidedly his superior as to be able to give him an advantage of 10lb. Consequently Thormanby—although the opinion of his quality was as high as ever, and his appearance fully warranted that opinion—was never made the favourite for this race. The question appeared at one time to lie between the Wizard and Optimist, whose recent performances seemed to show him a dangerous rival at an advantage of 1st., even to the winner of the Two Thousand Guineas and Thormanby's nearest competitor for the Derby. Latterly, however, the Wizard had become decidedly the favourite, while Optimist had fallen to the lowest quoted price—a change which was fully explained when Fordham mounted Starke instead of Optimist, showing that Mr. Ten Broeck meant to win if possible with the former. The Wizard looked as well as could be wished, and he had on his back a first-rate jockey, Osborne. A small mob watched the saddling of the Wizard, and a large mob watched the saddling of Thormanby, and followed as Custer rode him towards the stand. It is one of the great advantages of Goodwood that these celebrities may be visited and surveyed at ease as they walk round and round under the clump of trees which serves to shelter them from the heat, until the moment when the jockeys doff their overcoats, and, suddenly appearing in resplendent colours, mount and turn their horses' heads towards the entrance to the course.

Besides Thormanby and the Wizard, and Mr. Ten Broeck's pair, there was Wallace, who won the Goodwood Stakes last year—the French mare, Mon Etoile, who stood even with Thormanby in the betting—a French horse, Royalieu, whose claim to consideration was chiefly founded on the light weight he carried as a foreigner—and, lastly, Lady Clifden and Doefoot, of whom we have nothing particular to remark. These nine horses were now formed in file. The warmest admirers of Thormanby and the Wizard had left their sides and sought places within the rails. The horses pass slowly to and fro before the stand, affording a spectacle of unsurpassed beauty. The two most distinguished members of the party look all themselves. Starke looks, as he looked yesterday, full of running; and there is no fault to find with Optimist or Wallace. Among the other four, the French horse and mare are the most provocative of adverse criticism. The general effect, however, is superb; and it is heightened by a splendid day and a scene of which, at each succeeding visit, the beauty is impressed more vividly upon the memory. The start takes place on the left of the stand, at the foot of that noble grassy hill which disputes with the before-mentioned grove, sacred to the mysteries of saddling, for the minutes which the visitor has to spare for exploration between the races. As the horses cross the course in single file, their shadows are seen full upon the turf, and the bright colours of the riders glitter in the sun. A half-turn to the rear brings them into line. They retire a few steps; a full turn brings them to the front; the flag is down, and they are off. As they pass the stand, they fall nearly into file again. Wallace takes a decided lead, and Starke goes on second, contrary to Mr. Ten Broeck's usual practice of sending to the front the horse which is not meant to win. As the horses run away from home, Wallace takes a still greater lead, and is ridden with an incomprehensible prodigality. Starke is considerably in his rear, but ahead of everything else; and when the inevitable moment of Wallace's collapse arrives, Starke succeeds him in the leading place. The run out and back is now complete, and the horses are in the straight course, with the winning-post in view. It is soon observed that Custer can get no more running out of Thormanby. The race appears to lie between the Wizard and the two Americans. The English horse has now taken the lead from Starke—whose head, however, is near his girths on the left or Stand side—while Optimist is coming up, still further from him, on the same side, and looks for a moment more dangerous than Starke. But the latter answers gamely to Fordham's call. With a great effort he pushes his head beyond the Wizard's, and keeps it in advance as the two horses pass under the judge's eye. The priority was indisputable, although very slight. Optimist was distinctly behind these

two, and then came Thormanby, making a bad fourth. Thus Starke, with over a stone more weight upon his back, retrieved his defeat of yesterday, and gained for the enterprising American who owns him a success which he thoroughly deserves, and which no Englishman who has not lost upon the race will grudge to him.

We have neither space nor time to enlarge upon that great feature of Goodwood races—the running of two-year-olds who will carry the nation's money in next year's Derby. Alvediston was there, and Wingrave, and John Scott's trump card, the Ace of Clubs, to whom we paid our humble tribute of adoration in the sacred and secluded grove, after he won the Molecomb Stakes. It is true that he was beaten the day before, but then his looks are enough to repay one for travelling to Goodwood, if not to bring him to a short price for the great event. Truly that grove has secrets worth exploring. The Ace of Clubs was beaten by Lord Stamford's filly, Bertha, who appears to be the best of her own sex, and better than many of the other sex among the two-year-olds. Both colt and filly are children of the illustrious Stockwell.

WILLS OF BRITISH SUBJECTS ABROAD.

IT is astonishing how much inconvenience people will put up with for want of a little well-directed energy. One man, whose increasing corpulency forbids him to risk a fall, mounts, day after day, the same rickety stile, too lazy to be at the pains of replacing the worm-eaten cross-plank by sound and trusty timber. Another cannot make up his mind to round off the awkward angle which makes the approach to his house perilous, though he drives home every starless night with fear and trembling; and the lights of his upper windows would certainly benefit by the fall of the leafy elm at the corner of the broad walk. A third allows himself to be cheated by his servants and dependents because he will not be at the trouble of checking their trifling delinquencies. It is only when the stile breaks down under its burden, or the carriage is overturned at the end of the avenue, or the enormity of the household defalcations inspire the lord of the mansion with alarm, that what once seemed a slight inconvenience appears now to have been pregnant with consequences of no common magnitude. When the devotees of crinoline have offered up a few more holocausts to that insatiable goddess, the fair worshippers may be expected to inquire after recipes for rendering muslin unflammable; and lamps will be supplied and lighted in every railway-carriage in the kingdom so soon as half-a-dozen plethoric directors, travelling third-class by chance, shall have been found at their last gasp in apoplectic fits at the end of the Box tunnel.

The numerous accidents that have occurred during the last thirty years, in attempts to distribute the personal property of British subjects dying abroad—accidents almost as fatal to the interest of expectant relatives as those above referred to—have for some time past engaged the attention of the Legislature. The demand that something should be done was urgent, and at length seems likely, in the course of the present session, to meet with at least a partial answer. But the remedy thus provided is incomplete at best; and as the subject will require further legislative interference, we venture to hope that the ventilation which it has this week experienced will, by a natural association of ideas, furnish matter for grave reflection to members of both Houses in the leisure moments of their Continental travels.

The rule which makes the validity of a will of personality to depend on the place of the testator's domicile was, at the time of its first adoption in this country, neither unreasonable nor difficult to carry out in practice. When the intercourse of Englishmen with Continental nations was much less frequent than it is now, and a residence of any duration abroad involved a more complete renunciation of home ties and duties, the question of domicile did not often arise; and when it did, there was generally little difficulty in solving it by proof of the *animus* or intention of the deceased. At most the rule produced a slight inconvenience. In proportion, however, as we have become more cosmopolitan in our habits, the complication of the problem has been immensely increased. The clear lines of demarcation between the temporary and the domiciled resident have become clouded over with a multitude of minute circumstances, while here and there the very blackness of darkness has completely obscured the prospect of any satisfactory solution. Thousands of pounds have been squandered in the effort to ascertain whether a person was domiciled in England or in Portugal. Wills have been made to develop their "ambulatory" tendencies to the extent of crossing and recrossing the British Channel at the bidding of conflicting decisions, and a large proportion of many a testator's assets has been sacrificed to the uncertainty which springs out of the existing law. The "slight inconvenience" has swollen by lapse of time into an enormous mischief.

One advantage of a Second Chamber with concurrent initiatory powers is that the public may sometimes be invited to choose between two rival measures. Accordingly, with a view to remedy the disastrous state of things above depicted, two Bills have found their way into Parliament during the last few months. Each in its own way seeks to appease the *manes* of those British lovers of migration whose natural predisposition to restlessness during life must have been sorely aggravated by the posthumous litigation which their taste for roving has occasioned. Each in

its own way endeavours to prevent the recurrence of such mis-carriages in future. The "Wills of British Subjects Abroad Bill," which comes down from the Peers with the weight of Lord Kingsdown's name attached to it, and was read the second time on Monday last, has been jostling in the Lower House side by side with another piece of remedial legislation, due originally to Lord Westbury, but now assigned to the fostering care of the present Attorney-General. Neither Bill is entirely exclusive of the other, yet no one can doubt for a moment that not only is the measure of the Government the more comprehensive of the two, but that it would, if sufficiently advanced to pass this session, render the third reading of its elder rival unnecessary.

We took occasion, on the first introduction of Lord Kingsdown's Bill into the Lords, to point out the awkward consequences which must follow if it became law. In legislating on the succession to property of British subjects dying abroad, there are two objects to be kept in view. The first is, to make the rules of an English Court of Probate harmonize with those of foreign countries, and the second is, to get rid of the uncertainty which now attaches to the law of domicile. Neither of these objects is attained by Lord Kingsdown's Bill. It may be remembered that its characteristic feature is, that it admits to probate here all wills of Englishmen, wherever resident, if made according to the forms required either by the law of the place of the testator's domicile, or of the place where the will was made, or by the law of the United Kingdom. By the first alternative, it perpetuates the necessity of judicial decisions on domicile, without in any way relieving the embarrassment of our Courts; by the last, it seeks to lay down an arbitrary rule at variance with the principles and practice of foreign States. Where other questions are concerned, it may not be very important whether the law of England squares with the laws of the Continent or not, but in testamentary cases it is otherwise, if we wish to prevent a conflict of jurisdiction. It is no part of this Bill—as the *Times*, in a second "popular article" on the subject, would have its readers to suppose—to establish a will if made in conformity with the law of the place of a man's death. Still less does it obviate for the future the difficulties which have so often arisen on the question of domicile. So much, indeed, the *Times* is now prepared to acknowledge, by admitting that "Lord Kingsdown's Bill leaves the injustice of domicile to operate without modification in a large class of cases." The suggested analogy between the effect of this Bill and an abolition of the law of Settlement is equally wide of the truth, for the simple reason that in the latter case the question is one of internal administration only, while, unless testators' assets are to share the fate of Mezentius, the former requires the co-operation of foreign countries. Another objection to the Bill is, that it makes no provision for succession *ab intestato*, so that the bulk of our statute-book is threatened to be needlessly increased by what is little better than a half-measure.

The "Wills and Domicile of British Subjects Abroad Bill" is at any rate not chargeable with these defects. While retaining, whether wisely or not, the existing rule that the *lex domicilii* is to govern, it proposes to get rid of the perplexities which that rule involves by defining what shall be taken to be conclusive evidence of domicile by the aid of conventions with foreign States. The so-called definition is judiciously framed, and in the mode most likely to conciliate countries impregnated with the principles of the civil law. The *factum* is to be established by residence for a year before death, and the *animus* by a declaration of intention to acquire a domicile, to be lodged with the local authorities. The *Times* assumes this proposal to be of a restrictive rather than an enabling character. It supposes that, by requiring certain formalities to be complied with in order that a domicile may be acquired, the embarrassments which clog the liberty of testation are in danger of being multiplied. This, like its former illusion as to the elimination of questions of domicile by Lord Kingsdown's Bill, is an entire mistake. If the formal declaration has not been lodged with the proper authorities, no foreign domicile can, under the proposed arrangement, have possibly been acquired; and the will, if executed—as in nine hundred and ninety-nine cases out of a thousand it would be—in English form, will be admitted to probate here. It is the converse case of wills executed by Englishmen in the English form, though they have exchanged their native for a foreign domicile, that has almost universally created the difficulty. These cases will not recur under the working of Lord Westbury's Bill. The remaining objection, that the benefit is contingent on the concurrence of foreign Powers, is unavoidable, because the case is one which demands uniformity of action. The administration of the effects of deceased millionaires cannot be left to right itself by the laws of demand and supply without exposing the fund in dispute to the risk of an indecent scramble.

In the discussion on Lord Kingsdown's Bill, it was strongly urged in its favour that, by introducing the principle of *locus regit actum*, it brought the law of England into conformity with the law of other nations. But even if this were so, its other provisions would soon place us at variance with foreign Courts. Thus, it has been recently ruled by the Court of Cassation—the highest authority in France on a point of law—that the will of a person domiciled in France, to be considered valid there, must be made in conformity with the laws of France; but Lord Kingsdown's Bill admits the validity of the will of an Englishman domiciled in France, though executed in conformity with

the English law. This mischievous confusion is at any rate avoided by the Government Bill. The real vice by which that Bill is deformed is, that it seeks to stereotype by treaty a rule of our own, which, whatever may have been its value formerly, is now of very questionable utility. Anything, as we have already said, is better than an absence of unity on the subject, but why should the validity of a testament depend on the domicile at all, even when the fact of domicile has been placed beyond dispute by special convention? Why should not the rule of *locus regit actum* be the simple rule for all cases? We confess that, even at the expense of a little delay, we should be glad to see either a wholesome fusion of these two Bills, or some third measure introduced, which, purged of the slipshod alternatives proposed by Lord Kingsdown, should lay down one general principle which should govern every case, shelve for ever the problem of domicile, and relieve the testamentary law of this country from the imputation of an international solecism.

ANTELOPES.

LIKE the Grasses in the vegetable world, the order of Ruminants in the animal kingdom is one of primary importance to mankind. While the former furnishes us with our daily bread, it is to the latter we look for our most nutritious kinds of flesh—an article that, in these days, forms perhaps the larger proportion of many Englishmen's diet. The philosopher who studies the structure of our teeth and the habits of our "poor relations" may declare that man is a strictly graminivorous animal—*fruges consumere natum*; but the first time he dines out he will find that most of his *platts* are founded upon more solid stuff than any product of the field, and he will be compelled to acknowledge that a civilized European of the present epoch has departed widely from the original type, and must—in practice, at least—be classed among the *Carnivora*. Few, indeed, would now care to join in the simple wish of the Roman poet:—

—me pascent olivæ
Me cichorea leveque malvæ!

Beef and mutton, with an occasional slice of venison, are substances which a modern epicurean is more likely to select for a choice of food. But now-a-days even these viands, and the numerous kinds of fish, flesh, and fowl usually found in our markets, are not enough; and a cry has arisen, like that of the Israelites in the wilderness when they were tired of quails and manna, for a new kind of meat. The societies for the "acclimatization" of animals which have been lately formed in France and in this country, are not slow to inform us that, out of the many thousands of animals known to science, man has hitherto succeeded in domesticating but a very small proportion—some twenty or thirty, perhaps—taking the term domestication in its widest extent. There is no reason, they say, why we should not still discover some animal well adapted for domestication, the flesh of which may be more savoury than venison and more wholesome than mutton. And the group of Ruminants called Antelopes has been specially indicated as that among which this coveted treasure is most likely to be found. A short explanation will perhaps suffice to show why we should expect the Antelopes, rather than any other family of animals, to furnish this desideratum.

The distinctly circumscribed order of Mammals called Ruminants—so called from the members of this group possessing the remarkable faculty of ruminating or chewing their food twice over—appears, as we have already observed, to be that of which the flesh is most palatable to man, and otherwise best adapted for his ordinary food. Now the Antelopes belong to the Hollow-horned Ruminants, or *Bovidae* of naturalists, and form one of the three principal divisions into which this section of Ruminants is most naturally divided—the remaining two being the Ovine group, which embraces the sheep and goats, and that of the true Bovines, which includes the different forms of oxen and their allies. As each of the two latter have furnished us with some most valuable domestic animals, it is only natural, say the acclimatizationists, that we should look to the first-named group to pay a corresponding tribute to domestic economy. And they urge that it is the more reasonable to expect this when we find that by far the greater number of the known members of the whole family of the *Bovidae* belong to the Antilopine division. While the sheep and goats can only muster about twenty wild species, and the true oxen not much more than a dozen, no less than from seventy to eighty different kinds of antelopes are now known to exist, and there can be little doubt that the unexplored regions of Africa will yet furnish additions to the list. Africa is indeed the true home of the Antelopes. More than three-fourths of the known species of the group are exclusively inhabitants of this continent; and in its southern portion, where there are few dense forests, and the scrubby woods are diversified by vast open plains, this form of animal life is particularly abundant. The southern antelopes seem to be those most likely to adapt themselves to our English climate, and it is to the species inhabiting this region, which are now driven back by the inroads of civilized man into the far interior, that the Zoological Society of London, who are collecting antelopes for their Menagerie in the Regent's Park, have devoted their chief attention. The present Governor of the Cape Colony—Sir George Grey—has rendered the Society most valuable assistance in this matter. The labels, which give us the names and origin of the fine series of animals of this group now to be seen in the Society's Gardens, testify to the number and to the value of Sir George

Grey's donations to the menagerie. On his return to this country in 1859, Sir George Grey brought with him specimens of the Eland, the Bosch-bok, the Reh-bok, the Duyker-bok, and the Leché. A fresh importation which arrived in the Society's Gardens some two months ago contained, besides other animals, examples of the Koodoo, the Bless-bok, the Steinbok, the Grysbok, and the Blau-bok. Individuals of all these species, except the Koodoo—the single female of which was unfortunately lost soon after her arrival—may be now seen in the Society's Gardens bearing Sir George Grey's name as donor; and we are informed that Mr. Benstead, the Society's agent and collector, has already started on a return journey to Cape Town, to take charge of a fresh collection of animals which has been brought together by the same munificent patron. We must, however, at the same time, acknowledge that the Society and its present energetic administrators have done everything in their power to deserve the liberal support thus accorded to them. A new house, exclusively devoted to the accommodation of antelopes, has been recently erected in the Gardens at a cost of some 2500*l.*, and no opportunity has been lost of completing the series of species by purchase whenever an opportunity of so doing has offered itself. The Gazelles, the Spring-bok, the Leucoryx, the Bay Antelope, the Common and Brindled Gnu, and the Nilghais, are all names to be mentioned before the list of Antelopes now living in the Society's collection is exhausted.

Taking a general survey of these animals as here exhibited, in order to determine which we shall select to supply our desideratum of a "new kind of meat," we shall probably not long hesitate in our choice. Of the larger varieties of antelopes, size of course being an important consideration in this matter, three species only have hitherto bred freely in confinement—namely, the Nilghais, the Leucoryx, and the Eland. Of these, the Leucoryx, which is besides rather too small, requires a considerable amount of protection from the variations of the English climate. The Nilghais—a large Asiatic species of antelope, well known to the sportsmen of British India, possesses the merits of being a ready breeder, the female often producing two young at a birth. It is also sufficiently hardy—bearing our severest winters with no other protection than an ordinary shed. But the Nilghais has the disadvantage of being shy and timid, and the young ones in particular are so subject to sudden fits of terror, that in some of the Continental establishments many have been lost through taking fright and dashing themselves to death against the iron railings around their yards. On the other hand, the Eland, the last named of these larger antelopes, seems to possess every qualification to make it a good domestic animal. A well-known Shropshire nobleman, who is one of the most active in endeavouring to acclimatize this animal, has been heard to say that his Elands give him less trouble than his valuable cattle, and it may be mentioned that out of seventeen Elands born within the limited space to which they are necessarily confined in the Zoological Gardens, one only has failed to reach maturity. The Eland is, moreover, particularly noticeable for its tame and quiet disposition. The males, females, and young ones of all ages may be trusted safely together, as any one who will take the trouble to inspect the herd of Elands taking their daily exercise in the Zoological Society's Gardens may convince himself. With regard, finally, to the quality of its meat—the point of all others to be attended to when we come to consider whether the Eland is to be our selection for a new domestic animal, we have only to repeat the evidence of Sir W. Cornwallis Harris upon this subject. This experienced sportsman tells us that "by all classes in Africa the flesh of the Eland is deservedly esteemed over that of every other animal. Both in grain and colour it resembles beef, but is by far better tasted and more delicate, possessing a pure game flavour, and exhibiting the most tempting-looking layers of fat and lean. The surprising quantity of the former ingredient with which it is interlarded exceeds that of any other game quadruped with which I am acquainted. The venison fairly melts in the mouth, and as for the brisket, that is absolutely a cut for a monarch!"

Such of our readers as were fortunate enough to be present at the celebrated dinner whereat a haunch of the first Eland devoted to the table in this country was served up, will, we are sure, bear witness that Sir Cornwallis Harris has not exaggerated the merits of his favourite delicacy.

CREMORNE.

TO that vast multitude of Britons who seek amusement for its own sake, without pretending to regard it as the sweet covering in which the pill of instruction may be swallowed, the retirement of Mr. T. B. Simpson from the management of Cremorne Gardens will justly appear an event of no trifling importance. The Gardens were, indeed, established in the first instance by Mr. Ellis, and at once attained considerable celebrity; but it is during the ten years of Mr. Simpson's dictatorship that they have reached their present magnitude and acquired their present pre-eminence. Almost every season has been marked by the introduction of some novelty, by which the value of the property has been improved; and Cremorne is at present not only a pleasure-garden, with every decoration proper to its character in that respect, but it may almost be regarded as a village, every edifice of which is an independent place of public amusement. There is the Ballet Theatre, a long saloon fitted up with a stage, and private boxes. There is another large theatre, built after the ordinary fashion, and once appropriated to Mario-

nettes, but now devoted to miscellaneous performances. There is the Ashburnham Tent, which covers several acres of ground, and can be made to answer the purposes of a ball-room, when wet weather drives the lovers of dancing from the platform. There is the "Oriental Circus" occupied by an equestrian troupe. There is the American Bowling saloon, in which bowls may be heard rumbling throughout the evening, and the frequenters of which seem totally to ignore the existence of every other portion of the gardens. There is the Stereorama, with an edifice to itself. There is the Fernery, fitted up with a collection of curious plants. There is a theatre of small dimensions, where various exhibitions take place; and there is a menagerie on the part of the grounds which adjoins the river, and is only to be approached by a bridge. This goodly list, be it understood, merely comprises the enclosed places devoted to special amusements. For those who remain in the open air, there is the "monster platform," with its pagoda-like orchestra; there is a lofty building, used in connexion with pyrotechnic displays; there is a large painting, representing the principal architectural beauties of India; and still we have omitted such minor sources of diversion as the stages inhabited by small tin beasts, to be aimed at with the rifle, and the machines which test the weight of the body, the power of the lungs, and the offensive force of the fist. And even now the spacious tavern, with its rooms public and private, large and small, is to be added, together with the infinity of little boxes, where those may refresh themselves to whom the forms of the banquet-room are less inviting than the habits of the "tea-garden." Some of these materials for enjoyment existed before Mr. Simpson's time; but it is he who brought the amusements to their present perfection of multitude and variety.

The importance of Cremorne is greatly enhanced by the circumstance that it is at present the only place of the sort in England to which a widely diffused interest attaches. Vauxhall, its only possible rival, after undergoing the miseries of a spasmodic and uncertain existence for a number of years, is now reduced to that state of utter annihilation with which an old-world seer would have threatened a doomed city. The Surrey Zoological Gardens were once pleasant enough. The destruction of Exeter Change, which once occupied the site now devoted to a menagerie of a different kind, led to the migration of a choice collection of animals across the Thames; and another object of attraction was a large lake, on which fireworks were discharged, and mimic battles were fought, so as to produce an effect not to be found elsewhere. But the Surrey Gardens, which never gained much more than a local celebrity, gradually fell into neglect, though they still continue to exist; and the last attempt to improve them, by the erection of a large music-hall for first-class concerts, proved a failure, the building (since burnt) at last deriving its only fame from its association with oratorical clap-trap. Rosherville had its day of glory, when railroads were comparatively in their infancy, and a trip in a Gravesend steam-boat was the highest delight which the Cockney excursionist could conceive; and indeed the formation of the gardens in a chalk quarry allowed of a miniature combination of mountain and plain which was at once picturesque and unique. But Gravesend ceasing to be pre-eminent, the pleasure-ground in its neighbourhood naturally sinks into obscurity. Highbury Barn, we believe, is extensively patronized by the less precise portion of the saintly inhabitants of Islington; and, through the medium of advertisements, we learn that all sorts of marvels are to be seen in the Pavilion Gardens at North Woolwich, where a daring ropedancer declares himself the rival of Blondin. But the fame of these places scarcely wanders beyond their immediate neighbourhood, whereas Cremorne is a point of attraction, not only to all London, but to all England. The provincial farmer, who comes to the capital on business, and seasons his business with pleasure, would scarcely think he had had his full measure of enjoyment if he did not visit the famous Chelsea Gardens. In the country, he is perhaps a strict Puritan, and would not for the world take his wife and children to any public amusement more exciting than a tea-meeting; but he feels that when at Rome he must do as the Romans do; and as, on his return home, he omits the visit to Cremorne from the record of his travels, his conscience is at any rate free from the sin of setting a bad example.

The celebrity of Vauxhall in its day was quite as widely spread as that of Cremorne now, and if the older gardens had been able to maintain their prestige as a place of resort for the "quality," they would not have been easily rivalled, much less eclipsed. But these are not times when the proprietor of a public pleasure-ground can rely much upon aristocratic support. In the first place, there is a "seriousness" in the higher classes which makes them extremely fastidious with respect to their amusements, and which in the "godless eighteenth century" was utterly unknown. In the next place, notwithstanding the growth of political democracy, the social distinction of ranks is observed with a rigor of which our fathers had no conception. When the famous O. P. riots took place at Covent Garden Theatre, rather more than fifty years ago, the extension of private boxes was resented as an abominable innovation, and if the establishment of stalls had been attempted, the encroachment on the old privileges of the pit would doubtless have acted as an additional stimulus to popular fury. But now the dress-circle of a theatre, once regarded as the post of honour, is occupied by a second-rate order of people, and the aristocratic patron of the drama secures with impunity a stall or a private-box, where he is certain to be safe from contact with the

profane vulgar. Those very dull affairs, the "private fêtes," which we were sorry to see revived this year at Cremorne, clearly indicate the spirit of the age, notwithstanding their intrinsic absurdity. A number of the nobility, and of the apes of the nobility, are seized with a morbid desire to participate in the delights of the celebrated gardens, but this desire is not strong enough to overcome the habitual repugnance to form part of a promiscuous multitude. Consequently, an exclusive system of "vouchers" is devised, and though the exceeding dullness which is its result leads to its abolition in favour of a system of high prices, the original principle of keeping common people at a distance is merely relaxed, not abandoned.

Deprived of its aristocratic prestige, Vauxhall had no chance of competing successfully with Cremorne, so unquestionable are the advantages of the latter as a place of out-door recreation. Those long avenues in the older gardens, which, illuminated with countless lamps, presented such a brilliant appearance after nightfall, looked terribly dreary when seen by daylight; whereas, Cremorne is for the most part an open ground, many of the beauties of which can only be appreciated before sunset. It is consequently made accessible at an early hour, and affords an agreeable promenade for visitors who would eschew the more exciting gaieties of the night, and for whom, nevertheless, ample amusement is provided.

However, these natural advantages would have failed in raising Cremorne to its present celebrity had it been under a less able and less enterprising management. But it has been the constant aim of Mr. Simpson that everything in his Gardens shall be good of its sort. The Stereorama, which is open all day long, is a work which, if exhibited in Piccadilly or Regent-street, would have been criticised by itself in every journal as a most ingenious and beautiful specimen of scenic art. It consists of a series of Swiss views, which are arranged round the spectators' platform on the same principle as Burford's Panorama; but there is this difference—that they are composed, for the most part, of solid models, while additional reality is attained by a large cascade of water, which dashes down among mimic rocks, and sets mill-wheels, &c., in motion. The ballet, which is performed early every evening, is, properly speaking, a pantomime of the French school, in which comic action is a more important element than dancing; and certainly at no theatre in London is there so good a dramatic entertainment of this particular kind. The scenery is well painted, the dresses are clean and bright, and the company displays a talent for comic dumb-show which would be expected in Paris, but is remarkable in London. At the Circus, there is always an efficient performance by an excellent equestrian troupe; and Leotard, the "artist of the trapeze," who goes through his feats nightly in the Ashburnham Tent, is unquestionably the first man of his profession. The Marionettes were found too puerile for the English taste, and have been consequently withdrawn; but the splendour of the scenery by which for several years the manager attempted to make them popular was really surprising. In a word, there is no "Brummagem" in the amusements of Cremorne—nothing that tempts one to suppose a hope, on the part of the manager, that an inferior article will pass in a crowd. A zealous desire to do well is visible in every department, and even extends to the arrangements of the tavern.

At Vauxhall, in its palmy days, the exorbitant price demanded for refreshment became so notorious, that the legend of a waiter who could cover the entire surface of the gardens with slices cut from a single ham was received with respect, if not with implicit faith; and, as "Benjamin's mess" is a proverbial expression for abundance, so a "Vauxhall slice of ham" became a current phrase indicative of tenuity. Sarcasms of this kind would be utterly inapplicable to Cremorne, where, if the epicure does not get enough for his money, he has only himself to blame. Half-a-crown is charged as the price of admission into the supper room. This paid, the visitor is at once made free of a table covered with all the essentials of an excellent cold collation, and may, if he pleases, vie with the Dragon of Wantley in gastronomic exploits. Moreover, there are hot dinners by the *carte* scarcely to be excelled at the best hotels in London.

But the administrative talent of Mr. Simpson is most creditably shown in the order which is invariably preserved on his premises save on such exceptional occasions as a Derby Day, when, perhaps, some poor, half-witted creature, having heated his small brain with strong potations, finds in a row at Cremorne the most natural gratification of its animal propensities. This maintenance of order is accomplished under circumstances of no small difficulty. To a large portion of the visitors who come to the garden after nightfall there is no doubt that the "monster platform" is the great point of attraction; and men of the world need not be informed that a public worship of Terpsichore is as hard to be associated with a private cultivation of Vesta as the profession of a Particular Baptist with the adoration of an imaged saint. None but an idiot could shut his eyes to the fact that at ten o'clock in the evening the female population of Cremorne is increased by a large accession of fallen "characters," whose "fall," by the way, has generally consisted in a transition from a state of vicious squalid poverty to a state of vicious brilliant opulence. If Mr. Simpson took the highest ground, he would, of course, dismiss all these unfortunate persons at once from his premises, with a tract a-piece in their hands asking them "whether they were going;" or, better still, he would lock them all in the Ashburnham tent, and provide an efficient body of Evangelical pastors

for their reformation. Not soaring so high, he adopts the milder code of morals which Hamlet thought particularly applicable to the case of his mother, and compels his "gayer" patronesses to assume a virtue if they have it not. They may be what they like, but they must behave well while on his grounds, and neither annoy their superiors in virtue, nor one another. A word to the wise will be sufficient when we add, that there is no "dark walk" at Cremorne.

Before we end this article, we would avoid the appearance of injustice. We have said Cremorne is the only place of the sort now in existence. Ought we or ought we not to have excepted the Crystal Palace at Sydenham? We do not know. Those who originally built the palace as a colossal museum of art will, of course, reject with indignation all comparison with a pleasure garden for the most part devoted to frivolous amusements. On the other hand, those who, finding the museum less attractive than was expected, have varied the sober fascinations of art with the more exciting feats of the gymnast, may be less exclusive in their views. If we had the proprietors before us in a body, we would put it to the vote:—"Gentlemen, let those who are of opinion that your company, with its Blondin, stands in a different category from Mr. Simpson, with his Leotard, signify the same by holding up your hands—we will abide by your decision."

THE RECOGNITION OF MUSIC AT THE EXHIBITION OF 1862.

ENGLAND, if not absolutely the most musical nation in the world, has of late years made an advance in the cultivation and appreciation of the art quite unparalleled in musical history. A glance at the advertisement sheet of the *Times*, during the season, will show an array of entertainments in the way of concerts, operas, oratorios, festivals, and the like, which the most supercilious foreigner who ever sneered at us as a nation of mere shopkeepers must recognise as a sign of very extraordinary progress in art, and in a branch of art for which it has been the fashion to assume that we possess little or no sympathy. If Louis Spohr were alive, he would remember with some amusement the solitary Englishman whom, as he tells us in his autobiography, he looked upon as a species of *lusus nature*, because he really knew something about music. His prejudice was doubtless soon removed when he came among us, even though this was many years ago; but it is one which is still by no means uncommon with those who have had no means of judging of the actual state of matters for themselves. Perhaps we need not be very much surprised at this if we consider the nature of the encouragement given to music in this country. In spite of the remarkable popularity which music enjoys, it is far too much as a mere amusement, and too little as an art, in itself noble and worthy of study, that it is recognised. It is only quite lately that a knowledge of the rudiments of music has been thought a desirable element in a gentleman's education, and that the idea has begun to establish itself that an accomplished musician can be at the same time a man with serious and earnest aims in life. It would not, perhaps, be very difficult to trace the causes which have tended to produce these somewhat anomalous results to their origin. The preference shown to executants as compared with composers, the absence of any establishment really worthy of the nation at which a musical education can be obtained, the difficulty of exciting an interest in new compositions, and especially in those of native musicians, are all indications that our musical progress is yet incomplete, and that music has not yet taken that stand among the arts which it has every right to claim. Of liking and discrimination there is abundance; but there is nothing of that respectful devotion which in Germany prompts an audience to rise *en masse* at the entrance of a Meyerbeer or Wagner into the concert-room.

Under these circumstances, it is a subject for much regret that such an opportunity of furthering the interests of musical science as the Exhibition of next year presents should be passed over. There is to be no recognition, or, to speak more accurately, no official recognition of music at the International Exhibition of 1862. To painting, the sister art, the most liberal encouragement has been given—an encouragement which will doubtless produce a most beneficial effect, both in the way of art-education and of stimulating production. Music, on the contrary, has been wholly ignored, if we except the slight tribute paid to it by its being allowed to play some part in the opening ceremonial, for which purpose Meyerbeer, Bennett, and other great composers are announced as having undertaken to provide new compositions. For this unfortunate omission we have, we believe, principally to thank the directors of the Sacred Harmonic Society. The advisability of recognising music in some form or other was, it seems, referred to the Committee of the Society, and their report was to the effect "that no satisfactory issue would be likely to follow the proposed attempt to recognise music at the forthcoming Exhibition, particularly if it was intended to undertake musical performances concurrently with the Exhibition." The Directors appealed, moreover, to their great experience in musical matters generally for more than a quarter of a century, and especially to the knowledge furnished by their administration of the various "Festivals" at the Crystal Palace, to give weight to their opinion. From this opinion, spite of the authority by which it is backed, we totally dissent, and conceive that it would not be difficult to suggest a way in which music might legitimately have come within the scope of the ob-

jects which this great International Art Congress professes to promote, and that with the most advantageous results, both to musical interests and to those of the Exhibition itself. We should not, however, probably have broached the subject now, when there seems so little time left for anything to be done, had not our attention been called to an agitation which is at present being made to effect what would have been so much more properly and efficiently accomplished by the Royal Commissioners. Two letters which have appeared in the *Musical World*, with the signature of "Musicus," seem first to have drawn attention to the subject; and the result has been that several gentlemen have combined to promote the erection of an "International Concert-room" at Kensington. The names of these gentlemen have not appeared, nor is anything more than the briefest sketch of the manner in which they propose to carry out their undertaking yet before the public. The building is to be of a temporary character, and to afford accommodation for an audience of 12,000 persons, and an orchestra of 500 performers. The undertaking is to be "entirely of an international character." The Continental and English choral and instrumental Societies will be invited to co-operate; and forty grand concerts are talked of, the object of which will be "to bring before the public the different styles of English and Continental music." It is also, we believe, proposed that some one of the leading musical societies—most probably the Royal Society of British Musicians—should place itself at the head of the movement, if it can be induced to do so, and form the nucleus round which various other societies, both in London and from the provinces, may collect to form an orchestra. So far as can be judged from this very slight outline, the idea is worthy of encouragement. Its success, however, will depend entirely upon the way in which the details are arranged, and upon the amount of support which it may receive at professional hands. Without unanimity and hearty co-operation, the scheme will sink into nothing better than a mere concert-giving speculation, and any attempt to invest it with an international character will degenerate into mere clap-trap and bombast. Above all things it seems to us most important that it should receive an official recognition on the part of the Commissioners, and that they should at least have considerable influence in the arrangements, even if they cannot be induced to make it a substantive part of the Exhibition programme. If this latter object could be effected, then perhaps we might hope to see accomplished, even at this late hour, what we are convinced would be most likely to produce permanent benefit to music both here and on the Continent. Invitations might be issued to various musical centres to send in compositions to compete for prizes which should be awarded by a jury of eminent musicians. A stimulus would thus be given to composition which would probably produce something great. Prizes should be given for excellence in every department of composition, from a symphony to a song. Even if the result should prove disappointing, we should at least have taken stock of our musical intelligence, and be able to define the exact condition of our musical art with greater confidence. In association with some such plan as this, an orchestra and concert-room—such as is contemplated—would be very valuable; and an interest would be given to the concerts by the performance of the competing compositions, unattainable by merely miscellaneous selection from works already familiar to us. It is a very just cause of complaint that we afford no encouragement for the production of novelties; and our most eminent societies confessedly shrink from the risk of attempting untried works. In addition to the attractions presented by compositions wholly new, it would add considerably to the interest of the occasion if some attempt at consistent historical arrangement could be made in the selection of the programmes, so as to exhibit in an instructive manner the advance and difference in all the various styles of composition. Whether there yet remains time for the complete execution of any plan so extensive as that we have indicated is perhaps doubtful, and we have made the suggestions in ignorance of the particular details of arrangement which are in contemplation; but we feel convinced that unless something can be effected with more form and purpose than mere miscellaneous concerts, no result can come of the movement, however well-intentioned, which will either be beneficial to the interest of music, or do us credit in the eyes of Europe.

REVIEWS.

CARDINAL JULIAN CESARINI.*

IT has been the great good fortune of Cardinal Julian that Dante's famous visit to the other world was well over long before he was born. In which of its three divisions he would have been found by the great poet we do not pretend to say; but the world has probably lost some scathing lines, and the Cardinal's career has escaped to pass before the milder tribunal of the nineteenth century, which is now quite used to rehearsing historical reputations, and seems almost to have come to believe, with Pope Benedict XIII., that "Il n'y a pas de plus grand amusement au monde que de faire des saints."

* *The Last Crusader; or, the Life and Times of Cardinal Julian, of the House of Cesarini. A Historical Sketch.* By Robert C. Jenkins, M.A., Trin. Coll. Camb., Rector and Vicar of Lyvinge. London: Bentley. 1861.

The civilized mind perhaps likes to dwell among whitewashed surfaces; and we certainly cannot quarrel with Mr. Jenkins for applying to Cardinal Julian the process, which, but for a rule or two of Greek grammar, might not absolutely have failed with Helen. Mr. Jenkins treats with no ordinary candour and learning a life which, though a succession of failures, and towards the last, of crimes, nevertheless bears the authentic impress of greatness. The career of Cardinal Julian presents at first sight the aspect of a "tour de force." Its only prominent portion is comprised in the fourteen years which elapsed between 1430, when he was made Cardinal, and 1444, when he fell, at the age of forty-six, in the defeat of Varna. It is useless, we think, for Mr. Jenkins to deny the fact of the great conversion which divides this period of fourteen years into two equal parts. Cardinal Julian, as we shall see, himself admitted it; and it is clear that while, during the first seven years of the fourteen, he was a Reformer, during the last seven he condemned his earlier career of reform. We may often wish that Cardinal Julian had left confidential memoirs, or at least a "candid friend;" but we certainly think that Mr. Jenkins, though he obscures his hero's policy by an overstrained anxiety to prove it absolutely consistent, has really succeeded in developing his high aims and profound statesmanship. In placing on the title-page the word "Crusader," and the motto (from one of Julian's letters to the Pope), "Pro fide cupio et vovi mori," Mr. Jenkins hits exactly the clearly marked feature of passionate and almost Antinomian devotion to the Church which harmonizes the two sections of his career, and rescues both from a crowd of low interpretations. A rapid survey of his life will enable it to speak for itself.

Julian Cæsarini was born, in 1398, of a noble family of Rome. He was only twenty-one years of age when he exchanged the study of civil law at Perugia for the service of Cardinal Branda's Bohemian legation. Germany was now the great field of politics and diplomacy; and a longer Italian experience, while it might have made him a subtler politician, would have dwarfed the greatness of his character. Cardinal Branda found the Bohemians in full revolt. Standing aside, as the tide of carnage and ruin swept past them, the diplomatists watched from the court of the Emperor Sigismund the terrific spectacle of the Hussite war. Some slight glare from the Bohemian watch-fires never, perhaps, wholly faded from Julian's conception of European politics; and his early experience was not forgotten when, in 1430, at the age of thirty-two, he was raised by Martin V. to the rank of cardinal-deacon, and entrusted with the double office, which made him the most conspicuous man in Europe, of Legate in Germany and Bohemia, and President of the Council of Basle. It is not surprising that his first scheme was a crusade against the Hussites, or that his fifteenth-century crusaders melted away in a panic rout, which the undaunted gallantry of the young cardinal sought in vain to rally. As he travelled back westward to Basle, the approaching Council presented itself to his mind as the only remaining means of reducing Bohemia. There was imminent danger that the victorious Hussite movement might overflow into Germany, and anticipate the Reformation by a century. "The Bohemians," says Julian, in one of his earliest letters to the Pope, "have oftentimes already, and now very recently, disseminated through Germany libellous documents containing about thirty articles contrary to the faith, and particularly directed against the ecclesiastical order, fortified, moreover, by many authorities of Holy Scripture and the Fathers of the Church." Elsewhere, he says:—

Besides this, the corruption and derangement of the clergy of Germany induced me to come hither [to Basle], for from this cause the laity are beyond measure indignant against the ecclesiastical order. Greatly is it to be feared, lest on this account (if they reform not in the meantime) the laity may be excited to turn upon the whole clergy in the manner of the Hussites, as they openly threaten to do. And this corruption it is which produces so great a boldness in the Bohemians, and gives a colour of reason to the errors of those who specially inveigh against the immorality of the clergy. Wherefore, even if there had been no General Council convened already, it would have been necessary to hold a provincial one, by means of the legation in Germany, for the reformation of the clergy. For it is really to be feared that, unless that body corrects itself, even after the extinction of the Bohemian heresy, others will rise up.

It was at this critical moment that Martin V., the able and liberal choice of the Council of Constance, was succeeded by Eugenius IV., a subtle, pertinacious, and pettifogging Venetian, elected by the close oligarchy of the Sacred College, who for three years bombarded the Council with bulls of dissolution. Except the addresses of Dante to the Emperor, there are few documents more profoundly pathetic than the impassioned letters in which Julian pleaded with the impish cunning of Eugenius for the maintenance of the Council of Basle. His predictions of danger to the Church, of schism in Germany, of the triumph of infidels and heretics in the East, fell vainly on the ear of a subtle absolutist, chilled with age and success, who knew that things would last his time. We can imagine the cynical shrug with which the shrewd old Pope received the well-meant entreaties of Cardinal Julian, that he would repeat the error of Pope John XXIII., and come in person to the Council. Was Eugenius detained in Italy by the disturbed state of the Patrimony? The indignation of Cardinal Julian anticipates the sublime and unworldly piety of "Le Pape et le Congrès":—

If [pleads Julian] your Holiness alleges the war we have had as a reason, I reply, that if wars were still raging—even if you were certain to lose Rome and all the patrimony of the Church—we ought rather to come to the relief of the faith and of the souls of men, for whom our Lord Jesus Christ died, than to that of citadels and walls. Dearer to Christ is one soul,

not only than the temporal patrimony of the Church, but even than heaven and earth; for neither heaven nor earth were made after his likeness and image, nor was it for them he died. Your chiefest office, most Holy Father, is to save souls, following the steps of Him who said, "I am not sent but unto the lost sheep of the house of Israel."

For seven active years Cardinal Julian guided the policy of the Council of Basle, as a kind of constitutional Pope. The keenest Protestant need not regret that its moderate tone and able diplomacy calmed down the nascent and premature heresy of Germany. Great and critical settlements, such as the Reformation or the French Revolution, by the passions they arouse, and the lassitude they leave behind, imprint themselves on men's minds in a manner quite disproportionate to the merits of the actors, and it is of every importance that they should not take effect till the full data are unmistakably before the world. The new ideas were destined to be enriched with all the wisdom of the Renaissance before they assumed their final and successful form. Julian's conception, a wise one, seems to have been to oppose an administrative reform of the Church to doctrines which were still too little developed to be successfully met by argumentative opposition, but yet defied extirpation by force. The admirable canons of the Council of Basle embodied this idea; but, though Eugenius submitted in its fourth year of session, and revoked his bulls of dissolution, the reforms of the Council never had any existence except on paper, and reality could not have been imparted to them except at the cost of a schism.

It is in the tardy and reluctant perception of this fact that we must seek the explanation of Cardinal Julian's abrupt desertion of the Council. The question which occupied the seventh year of the Council was the reunion of the Greek and Latin Churches. The Pope, who still besieged the Fathers of Basle with bulls of protest and translation, was adroitly turning to his own purposes the growing interest in the Eastern Church and Empire which the Renaissance was inspiring in the minds of educated men. Eugenius, as the Greek Emperor said, pressed on the question, "not so much for necessity's sake, as for the report which will be spread in Basle and everywhere, that an œcumenical synod is assembled and in full work, whereby himself will be advantaged and the Council of Basle diminished." Pope and Council, accordingly, ran a race for the glory of reuniting the two Churches, and the success of the former illustrates the remark of De Tocqueville, that "les assemblées, qui sont admirables tantôt pour fortifier, tantôt pour tempérer le gouvernement, sont plus inhabiles que les plus mauvais gouvernements à mener les affaires." Eugenius insisted that the Great Council of Union should meet in Italy; the Council proposed a schedule of Transalpine places, comprising the fatal name of Avignon, ominous of schism. Down to the 15th of February, 1438, Cardinal Julian remained faithful to the choice of the Council. On that day, in a general congregation, Dissypatus, the Greek Emperor's envoy, solemnly protested that the Greeks would not attend any Council where the Pope was not present—that the Pope would not stir out of Italy—that in Italy, therefore, or not at all, must the meeting of the two Churches take place. It is curious to observe that notwithstanding this protest, Cardinal Julian, later in the day, "administered the oath to the deputies of the Council, who were about to proceed" to Avignon, to prepare for the great meeting. On the 23rd of February, however (only eight days later), the whole bearing of the Cardinal is changed. He declares himself strongly against Avignon, supports a resolution naming Florence or Udine, and, when the large majority of the Council reject this resolution, and adhere to the previously accepted schedule, we actually find the great reformer and statesman, in whom the Papacy was to be reconciled to the higher and purer aspirations of recent European feeling, implicated in the clumsy violence of his secretary, Bartolomeo de Battifero, who, "with others of his domestics, succeeded in breaking open the chest in which the great seal of the Council had been deposited, and attached it to the schedule of the minority." Dissypatus, meanwhile, had retired to the Pope at Bologna, and Eugenius consented "to send vessels to bring the Eastern Emperor and prelates to Italy, so as to anticipate the designs of the Council." The unscrupulous diplomacy of the Pope, which occasionally exhibited the *main heureuse* of Venetian policy, was crowned with absolute and immediate success. "The Papal triremes arrived first at Constantinople, and the emissaries of Eugenius represented themselves as bearing the credentials of the Council as well as of the Pope." Indeed, "the address of the German nation to the Palatine of the Rhine affirmed boldly, not only that the ambassadors of the Pope assumed to represent the Council, but that they were actually fortified with letters to which the seal of the Council had been surreptitiously affixed. The history of the rifling of the chest in which this seal was deposited, in order to attach it to the act of the minority, in which Cardinal Julian was himself implicated, indicates the too great probability of this dishonest proceeding." The Papal triremes embarked the Eastern Court and Church at Constantinople, and when the news of the triumph of Eugenius reached Basle, Julian, whose path was smoothed by his forgery, "set forth towards Venice, the scene of their expected landing."

Mr. Jenkins, who tries in vain to gloss over this great and degrading defection, only succeeds in obscuring the critical moment of his hero's career. "The egotism," he says, "of the Eugenian party eagerly claimed as a conversion what was really the natural development of those great principles of ecclesiastical

policy upon which Julian had acted from the beginning, and this claim has been too readily admitted by historians of every creed. Why, the claim of these "egotists" was admitted by Cardinal Julian himself. "I allow," he said at Vienna, to Æneas Sylvius, when the latter reminded him of his anti-papal career at Basle, "that I have said and written what you allege; but departing from the truth, I erred. . . . You followed me when I erred—follow me then when I advise well." It is not by disguising the nature of Cardinal Julian's defection that one can unravel the problem of its cause. We cannot follow Mr. Jenkins in explaining it by the death of Sigismund. Sigismund died in Moravia on the 9th of December, 1437; on the 15th of February following, Cardinal Julian was still on the side of the Council. Its clear connexion with the visit, and probably, notwithstanding Julian's momentary persistence, with the protest of Dissypatus, has brought it into, we think, unnecessary suspicion. Dissypatus, it is certain, was the mere creature of the Pope, "gained" by him before he left Constantinople. But that Dissypatus corrupted Julian *par ricochet*, it is not easy to believe. The later life of the latter is certainly full enough of crimes, but they are of another character; and his desertion can be thoroughly accounted for by considerations more in harmony with his career. The real solution of the problem is that Cardinal Julian found himself and the Council of Basle as completely outmanœuvred by Eugenius as the Council of Constance had been baffled by Martin. His intercourse with Dissypatus convinced him that the great reconciliation of the Greek and Latin Churches could take place nowhere but at the feet of the Pope. In a moment he saw the dilemma into which the successful intrigues of Eugenius had brought the Council. How could the Fathers of Basle refuse their presence to the great assembly of Union? Their absence would probably perpetuate the schism between the Greeks and the Latins—it was certain to inaugurate another between themselves and the Pope. But who would wish to play the part of Anti-pope at such a moment, when all the genius and influence of the Church was flocking to the Pope's side at the great intellectual display of Ferrara? A schism demanded a good cry, at least as much as a modern dissolution of Parliament. Who would raise the standard of schism to be taunted with embarrassing the great work of reunion? Even if he were willing to stand forth as an Anti-pope, Julian must have felt that the moment was clearly passed. Yet, if there is any meaning in his life, he must have shrunk from it in horror and dismay. True, if he joined the absolutist Eugenius in his moment of triumph, he surrendered the whole past of the Council, he abandoned all security for reform. Be it so. Reform was not to be sought through schism. The age, he felt, could neither endure its evils nor their remedies. Let the Church be served with a desperate and unscrupulous obedience; that would give it the greatness and durability which it were better, if it had been possible, to have sought in a thorough Reform. It was by a precisely similar movement that, a century later, the Jesuitical doctrines were adopted as the chief pillar of the Church of Rome.

Gibbon's rapid comment on Cardinal Julian's defection is as follows:—

After promoting the strongest measures against the authority and person of Eugenius, some secret motive of interest or conscience engaged him to desert on a sudden the popular party.

Perhaps this passage unnecessarily isolates the act of Cardinal Julian, who, it is certain had, sooner or later, many companions in his desertion; in fact, the *élite* of the Council flocked to the debates at Ferrara and Florence. But it certainly is not open to the following objection of Mr. Jenkins:—

The insinuation of Gibbon is at once confronted by the fact, that if Julian had not sought the peace of the Church rather than his own aggrandizement, he might have grasped at this moment the papacy itself, and wrested from Eugenius that authority under which he was content to close a life of brilliant but unrequited service.

Is it even quite certain that he would have been selected as Anti-pope? The subsequent choice of Duke Amadeus of Savoy makes it doubtful. "Some of the secret motives," says Dean Milman, "for this singular choice are clear enough. The Pope of Basle must be a Pope, at least for a time, without Papal revenues. . . . Amadeus, at first at least, might maintain his own court, if not in splendour, in decency." On the other hand, Cardinal Julian might reasonably look forward to surviving and succeeding Eugenius.

The later life of Cardinal Julian is the career of a Jesuit a century before Loyola. In the Councils of Ferrara and Florence, where the Venetian Pope crowned the long commerce of his native city with the East by the hollow purchase for a few galleys of the Eastern faith, Julian added to his old "dexterity in argument and depths of the theological erudition" a new vein of tricky and unscrupulous intrigue. It is, however, in the closing episode of his life that the heroic immorality of his later policy reaches its culminating point. Gibbon has immortalized the story, which Mr. Jenkins tells with admirable spirit and pathos, of his famous Hungarian Legation. The fatal casuistry by which he successfully advocated the breach of a treaty with the Turks, recently concluded and ratified with exceptional solemnity, is in part quoted by Mr. Jenkins, and its "consecrated faithlessness" is justly stigmatized:—

The specious argument [says Mr. Jenkins] that "to whom faith cannot be given without criminality, to him it cannot be kept without still heavier guilt," is the only one on which the Cardinal really relied, and it was one that

his great patron, Martin V., had too well taught him in his letter to the Duke of Lithuania, where he writes—"Know that you cannot give faith to heretics, and that you sin mortally if you keep it to them." The true position, which (however repulsive it must be in any form) has never been fairly put by the adversaries of the Church of Rome, is not "that faith is not to be kept with heretics," but that "it is not to be given to them." Every member of that Church is supposed to be in the position of a precontracted person, whose paramount obligation to the Church can never yield to any subsequent compact, however sacred it may appear to be.

The crime of Cardinal Julian—an illustration of the dangerous virtue of priests—was rapidly proved a blunder. *La posterité arrivait vite*, or rather the "logic of facts" anticipated posterity. Ladislaus, who broke the treaty, fell in the disastrous defeat of Varna, and among the dense forests of a neighbouring mountain pass was found, the morning after the battle, the naked and wounded corpse of Cardinal Julian. All that is known of his last moments is that they were haunted by the pitiless presence of Gregory de Sanocenis, a Polish bishop who had protested against the violation of the treaty, "There rode up one to his side in this moment of agonizing conflict," whose "cruel reproaches sank deep into the ears of the dying man:—"

He reviled him for his breach of faith to God and man, and charged him with all the slaughter and misery of that fatal day. "Tis just," he exclaimed, over the all but lifeless body which was stretched at his feet, "tis just that you should perish thus—you, who made the Apostolic See perjure itself, and taught mankind that God sanctions treachery and infidelity; to Him you shall now answer for your motives as for your words." Thus cruelly avenging himself for the insults which he had received in the Council, and the losses he had experienced on the battle-field, he left him to die.

RECOLLECTIONS OF PUGIN.*

IT is high time that some account of the life of Welby Pugin should be given to the world; and we sincerely congratulate Mr. Ferrey on the accomplishment of his difficult task. Things move so swiftly in the present age, and the development of so-called mediæval art in particular has been so rapid during the nine years which have passed since Pugin's death, that there was considerable danger lest the share which that gifted artist had in initiating the movement should be forgotten. Mr. Ferrey's volume places on record much that ought to be remembered in justice to Pugin's memory. It so happens that, although Pugin was a copious writer, and although he built churches all over England, neither his books nor his buildings will do him full justice with posterity. His writings, though they were admirably adapted for rousing the public mind in the first instance, are not calculated to produce much impression on the next generation. With the disappearance of most of the abuses which he satirized in his famous *Contrasts*, a great deal of the piquancy of that most characteristic volume has vanished. On the other hand, his *True Principles*, though still highly instructive and suggestive, are almost superseded by the enlarged views and extended experience of the present Gothic school. Mr. Ferrey plaintively laments that the particular variety of English Pointed architecture which Pugin laboured to revive is already superseded by the bold eclecticism which is now in fashion. The principles which Pugin was one of the first to enunciate have borne fruit in the creation of a school of artists who are no longer content to be mere copyists of the precedents of antiquity. Whether this great architect, had his life been spared, would have advanced with the times, or whether, like the hen who hatched the ducklings, he would have been horrified at seeing the brood take to the water, is a very curious subject for speculation. We incline to think that, in this respect, Pugin died not too early for his own fame. The very qualities of mind which fitted him for his own special task would probably have incapacitated him from keeping pace with the architectural progress of the last decade. It would have been strange enough, had he lived, to see Pugin in league with the somewhat narrow and pedantic school of architectural antiquaries who have vainly striven to oppose the further legitimate development of the Pointed style in our own day.

If this be the case with Pugin's theory of architecture, it is no less clear that, as to the practice of his art, we should judge him by his actual works to his disadvantage. It is well known that he never had a thoroughly good opportunity of carrying out his own principles of design. His best works, perhaps, are the church at Cheadle, which he built for Lord Shrewsbury, and the church in St. George's Fields, London. The former, however, though a beautiful design, is over-decorated in proportion to its scale; and the latter, with several grave faults, has never been finished externally, while its interior has been fitted up in a manner quite opposed to all its designer's principles of church arrangement. Both these buildings—and it is the same with all his other works—show Pugin's chief weakness. The design is on too great a scale for the actual dimensions. We could point to modern churches which, though insignificant in area, give an effect of height and breadth which approaches to the sublime. This is the touchstone of the highest architectural art. It is quite otherwise with Pugin's churches. The actual structures require to be magnified at least fifty per cent. to give the proper effect of the design. As a mere architectural draughtsman, Pugin was unrivalled; but the glorious visions which he delineated on paper dwindled into mean proportions when they were translated into brick and mortar. No

* *Recollections of A. N. Welby Pugin, and his Father, Augustus Pugin; with Notices of their Works.* By Benjamin Ferrey, F.R.I.B.A. With an Appendix by E. Sheridan Purcell, Esq. London: Stanford. 1861.

doubt this was owing partly to his peculiar training as a scene-painter for the theatres. But he never forgave the friendly criticism which pointed out the difference between the promise and the performance of his designs. Any one may test for himself our present criticism of his style of drawing, who will try with a pair of compasses the very beautiful perspective of the St. George's Fields Church, as originally proposed by Pugin, which adorns this volume. Allowing the moderate tallness of five feet eight inches for the priest at mass, the height of the central boss of the apse groining will be more than seventy-five feet from the raised steps of the altar. So that, we repeat, the genius of Pugin will not be fairly judged by the actual buildings which he has left behind—unless, indeed, by the unpretending, and therefore much more satisfactory little church which he built at his own cost, adjoining his own house, on the West Cliff at Ramsgate. On these grounds we are very glad that Mr. Ferrey, who was himself a pupil of the elder Pugin, has given us his recollections of Welby Pugin in the volume now before us. We shall give our readers some idea of Mr. Ferrey's compilation before proceeding to speak of that which makes any biography of Pugin so peculiarly difficult a task—his position with respect to the religious controversies of his day.

The elder Pugin was a Frenchman, born in 1762, who settled in England after his escape from some of the worst horrors of the great Revolution. He became a prosperous architectural draughtsman, married a Miss Welby, of a good Lincolnshire family, and was an early member of the Old Water Colour Society. He collected round him a large number of pupils, many of whom became distinguished in after life, and by their aid published those works on Gothic architecture by which his name is best known. His wife was a woman of great ability, but of strong Calvinistic opinions. The rigid discipline which she enforced in her household among the pupils is humorously described by Mr. Ferrey. As usual, this stern system had, at least upon her son, the very opposite effect to what was intended. He escaped from domestic restraints into a wild excess of every kind of eccentricity; and a reaction from his mother's narrow Puritanism drove him finally into the bosom of the Church of Rome. The somewhat confused manner in which Mr. Ferrey has arranged his materials makes it difficult to follow Welby Pugin's life in strictly chronological order. He was born in 1812, and died in his fortieth year, having worked himself fairly to death. He was educated at the Blue Coat School, where he was remarkable for quickness and aptitude, as well as for a slovenliness of dress which never left him in after-life. After he entered his father's office, his skill as a draughtsman became conspicuous. His favourite amusement was sketching in Westminster Abbey. When sixteen years of age, he visited France with his father and mother, and began already, with singular precocity, to lift his voice against the mutilations of ancient architecture and the debasement of ecclesiastical fittings and ornaments. One of the firm of Rundell and Bridge, the famous goldsmiths, observing the boy copying some prints of Albert Durer, in the British Museum, was struck by his ability, and employed him in original designs for the precious metals. Next, he was engaged to design Gothic furniture for Sir Jeffrey Wyattville's new apartments in Windsor Castle. In 1827, he took to scene-painting and theatrical mechanism; and, when he was only nineteen years old, in 1831, he designed all the scenery for the opera of *Kenilworth*, which anticipated, in many ways, Mr. Kean's revivals at the Princess's Theatre of appropriate fittings and costumes. Before this he had manifested a fondness for the sea, which never forsook him. In the intervals of scene-painting he commanded a smack, and afterwards a schooner, in which he made trading—or, as some have said, smuggling—voyages to the coast of Holland. In these expeditions, he collected many of the antiquities which formed his museum at Ramsgate. He was once wrecked near Leith. To the end of his life he would sometimes astonish his friends by wearing a huge pilot-coat; and he never lost something of the appearance and the peculiar rolling walk of a sailor. Meanwhile he had begun business as an architectural carver on a large scale. But the experiment was a failure. He was arrested for debt in 1831, and only rescued from the sponging-house by his father's interposition. This, however, gave him a salutary lesson. He determined never to owe a shilling; and ever afterwards paid his bills weekly, if not upon delivery of the articles. Mr. Ferrey hardly insists strongly enough upon this. So inveterate had become the habit in after-life, that we have heard it said by some who knew him, that in making excursions with them from Cambridge to different churches in the neighbourhood, he would never wait till the close of the day to share expenses, but insisted, often very inconveniently, on paying his proportion of each petty disbursement as it occurred. At the age of nineteen he married his first wife, who died the following year in childbirth, and was buried by him in Christchurch, Hants. In 1833 he married again, being then just of age. "Bless you, my dear sir," we have ourselves heard him say, "I was married twice before I had shaved once." Now he moved to Salisbury, where he began practice as an architect, building himself an inconvenient Gothic house near the city, which he called, with some affectation, St. Marie's Grange. His mother died in the same year, and Pugin very soon afterwards seceded to the Roman communion. With his impulsive nature, it is not unnatural that he should have taken this step at that time. His artistic sympathies led him to the Church which seemed to him not to have forsworn Christian art so

entirely as the communion which he abandoned. But he lived to see the beginning of such a revival in the Church of England as has had no parallel in the Church of Rome. His best friends and supporters in after-life belonged to the National Church, while his bitterest assailants were found among the Ultramontane converts to Romanism. He learned—we do not say to repent the step he had taken, but—to do justice to the religious community which he had forsaken. It is very probable that, had he delayed his secession for some years, he would never have become a Roman Catholic. To the last he used to speak with rapture of the chants which he used to hear in Westminster Abbey; and we have seen his eyes suffused with tears while listening to the anthem in the antechapel of King's. "What solemn music you fellows have kept," he would say, and then he would burst out in execration of the operative (or as Mr. Purcell calls it, in the appendix to this memoir, the "operative") music of the Warwick-street "shilling opera." Before the late movement in the Church of England, which has vindicated the claims of art in the service of religion, there was a temptation which no longer exists for artists to attach themselves to another communion. Pugin, though he became a sincere Romanist, is almost a unique example of a convert without bitterness, who could live in charity and friendship with those from whom he had separated himself in religious matters.

In 1836 appeared the *Contrasts*, a book far too trenchant and one-sided to bear careful examination, but which had all the more force from its humorous exaggeration. Mr. Ferrey gives some letters showing Pugin's intimate acquaintance with Lord Shrewsbury, and throwing light upon some of the difficulties which he experienced among his new religious associates. He removed to London in 1841, and many will remember the rough but hearty hospitality which he dispensed in his house in Cheyne-walk. Almost immediately he began building the house at Ramsgate where he afterwards lived, and the adjoining church in which he lies buried. During the following ten years of his life he was manifestly overworking himself. Engaged in numerous buildings, for all of which he made the drawings with his own hand, without the help of a clerk—and at the same time writing numerous books which required no small research in the fine library which he had collected—he grievously overtaxed his brain. An irritability grew upon him, which not only led him to quarrel with his old friend Mr. Minton, as recounted in these pages, but which induced a coolness towards other friends with whom he had long worked in concert. Happily, however, all these feuds were healed before the final overclouding of his intellect and his premature death. His second wife died in 1844, and after one or two engagements (the last of which gave rise to a brochure and correspondence which Mr. Ferrey could not but notice, but which reads very painfully now that we peruse it again with the light of our knowledge of the author's subsequent mental affection) he married in 1848 the lady who survives him. The share which Pugin had in the decorations of the new Houses of Parliament is told not perhaps fully, but with discretion and good feeling, by Mr. Ferrey. It was highly creditable to Sir Charles Barry to associate his fellow-labourer openly with himself in this great work. In 1851 the Medival Court at the Great Exhibition brought Pugin fresh anxieties. At the close of that year the first manifest tokens of a disordered intellect began to show themselves. But he still found time for writing, and his "Earnest Address" on the establishment of the Roman Catholic hierarchy shows no failing powers. This publication, which created a great sensation at the time, had very nearly been put in the Index, as we learn from these pages. The controversy occasioned by it, and the narrow-minded opposition of some of his co-religionists, doubtless embittered Pugin's last days. It is touching to see how his longing for religious unity coloured all the close of his life. He announced, and actually made a beginning of, a work which he called *An Apology for our separated Brethren of the Church of England*; and during his mania one of his hallucinations was that the two Churches had actually become reconciled. The acute form of the disease did not last long. He recovered so far as to be taken back to his own house at Ramsgate, where he died on September 14th, 1852. His biographer concludes with the significant remark that the Pugin Testament, which is now being raised, was originated among members of the Anglican Church, and has been but coldly welcomed among Roman Catholics in general.

Pugin's peculiar religious position, which makes any satisfactory biography of him almost impossible without the risk of offending one party or the other, has not been very clearly indicated by Mr. Ferrey. But the biographer's moderation and good taste have scarcely been appreciated by the great artist's family. An appendix by Mr. Purcell is added to this volume by their desire, the object of which seems to be to show that Pugin was less tolerant and charitable than his actions and writings showed him to be. These subsidiary chapters are wordy and tautologous to the last degree, and, happily for Pugin's fame, they do not prove their point. No sane person doubted Pugin's perfect orthodoxy and religious sincerity. It is lamentable to see an attempt made to show that a convert to Romanism must needs be intolerant to other Christians. The truth is that Pugin represented a moderate school among Roman Catholics, which has been overborne by the petulance of more recent converts. We hope and believe, in spite of Mr. Purcell's appendix, that this school still exists, and will some day make itself heard. Mr.

Ferrey's memoir is modestly called "Recollections." There is still room for a more formal biography of this remarkable man, which shall do justice to him not only as a great artist, but as a vigorous and independent thinker, unwearied in his pursuit of truth and fearless in the expression of his honest convictions.

EGYPTIAN SEPULCHRES AND SYRIAN SHRINES.*

IN the month of December, 1858, Miss Emily Beaufort left the neighbourhood of Hyde-park for Egypt, accompanied by her sister, her maid, and a regular London man-servant. At Alexandria she hired a Nile boat, appropriately named it the *Wandering Maiden*, and went up the river as far as the second cataract, seeing and doing what a hundred boat-loads of tourists—in 1856-7 there were 140—see and do every winter. On her return, while lionizing Edfou with the usual devotion and intelligent vigour of English young ladies, Ali, the cook-boy, profits by everybody's absence to make a foray on the pockets of John Thomas's coat, hanging up in the pantry on board, and in so doing sets the boat on fire. Poor Miss Beaufort not only loses all her property, but when she gets back to Cairo, has some difficulty in extricating herself from the amenities of Levantine litigation about the value of the boat. The Consuls are all absent from their posts, and so she prudently takes a friend's advice and runs away from Egypt to Smyrna. After a brief stay there and at Mitylene, she proceeds to Syria, and remains in that country upwards of a year, roving in every direction over desert and mountain, residing in the principal cities, and pitching the tent of permanence in one or two spots of special loveliness. The most notable excursion was to Palmyra, under the guidance of Sheikh Mijwel, of the Anazeh tribe, whom she calls Miguel, and whom Mrs. Harvey Christianizes outright into Michael—which is as good as the Sanjak Fort at Smyrna figuring on our old maps as St. James's Castle. Here she overflows into verse under the influence of the desert air and the animating recollections of Zenobia, with whom, as a "representative" woman or champion of her sex, she loves to identify herself, even going so far as to forge her signature in the Palmyrene character. We may say, by the way, that the excursion to Palmyra has been performed more than once by ladies, and we remember to have seen a return caravan of Fifth Avenue parlour-boarders who had achieved the feat with no protector save the matron in command, and no molestation save from Western heiress-hunters. After passing the winter and Easter at Jerusalem, she goes to Northern Syria, and then visits in succession Rhodes, Athens, Constantinople, and Brusa. When at Athens, she makes excursions to Thebes and the Delphic or Parnassian country, where she nearly gets into trouble again, and where her sister has impertinent questions put to her by a regenerate Greek mayor under pretence of taking down her depositions on the subject of some missing property. She moves reluctantly homewards up the Danube past Wallachia, which she calls Vallachia, to Pesth and Vienna, where we finally bid her farewell. With all her faults, and they are neither few nor small, we are sorry enough to do so.

In the main, this journey coincides with the normal Oriental Grand Tour performed and, for our sins, described every year by the tourist herd. How well we know beforehand what they all do. They all ride down the street called Straight, they all get wet with the dew of Hermon, they all lunch off fish from the sea of Galilee, they all try to procure individual consequence at a cheap rate by identifying themselves with Scripture scenes and events. Miss Beaufort, however, has, in many cases, wandered far from the beaten track. She has resided in, and not merely passed through, the countries she has visited; and her real accomplishments, her quick perceptions, and her admirably tolerant and kindly spirit, combine to place her in a far higher category than the average run of impression-mongers. If, in noticing this work, we seem to dwell too much on its defects and blemishes, we say, once for all, that it is good enough to be worth correcting, and that nine-tenths of its predecessors are not. We have to review it on its own merits, and not to compare it in detail with the superior few or the inferior many.

It is almost stifled with the weight of superfluous lore. Whenever Miss Beaufort comes across an interesting site or topic, she must needs give an abstract of everything that has ever been said by other people on the subject, at the same time that she rarely brings any such criticism of her own to bear upon it as would show that she has fairly assimilated the mass of learning and made it her own. There is no pretension in all this, but an ambition which is perhaps justifiable, even though not successful. She seems to have aimed at furnishing a detailed handbook of permanent value to the traveller, and she has honestly studied and done her best with, at all events, the English authors whom she quotes. We are quite sure that her book would have appeared even if no massacres had occurred to fix the public attention eastwards, while we are pretty sure that in that case two works *de circonstance* recently noticed by us would never have been published. But it is too bad that the continuity of a vivid and delightful personal narrative should be interrupted for whole pages by the old story of Venus and Adonis, out of Lemprière, and other old stories; and we have no patience when we meet Sanchoniathon, Berosus,

and Ocellus Lucanus round the corner of every page, together with the lurking-places of the above worthies, Robinson, Stanley, Wilkinson, Porter, and Ferguson (without his second s). There is plenty of Hebrew, too—the Hebrew of Grove's appendix rather than of Ewald and Gesenius—contrasting queerly with her own Semitic acquirements, which consist of Arabic hardly strong enough to swim without corks, albeit beyond the Bono Johnny stage, and, such as it is, we need hardly say, much to her credit.

It is an excellent thing for young ladies to undergo the process of study and work necessary to get up and arrange materials of this kind. Such an abnegation of their Belgravian selves deserves encouragement rather than snubbing. Surely it is better—as we are told it is rarer—for them to try and talk up to Sir Henry, Sir Roderick, and Sir Gardner than to talk down to fatuous, woman-spoilt Primogenitus, even though with the object of reclaiming him from his daily loll over the Park-rails as he bandies listless slang with our famous Brummagem Aspasia. But the public have a right to protest against imperfectly-digested and illusory learning being forced upon them merely because a lady wishes to try her paces in the *manège* of literature; and if she cuts her fingers in handling such edged-tools as archaeology and Oriental languages, as she is sure to do, we have not much pity for her—or if we have, we take care not to say so. We give one or two amusing mistakes—only repeating, in justice to Miss Beaufort, that in most other Eastern tours we can show three for each one of hers. In one place she attends a performance of the Howling Dervishes, and, in describing it, calls the reciters by the word, *zikr*—the name of the performance or recitation. *Zikkir*, or *zikkeer*, as she, disapproving of Sir W. Jones, would write it, is the name of the performer. We have our Howling Dervishes, but we do not call them after the noisy product of their lungs. We do not call Dr. Cumming a prophecy, nor Mr. Spurgeon a sermon, nor Mr. Bellevue a lecture, nor even Mr. Tupper a proverb, though he might call himself a great medicine. The Arab cloak or wrap-rascal called *mashlah*, is said to mean "to put on." It means a thing stripped off. The Kurban Bairam is said to be a feast commemorating the birth of Mohammed, instead of the sacrifice of Ishmael. This last error is a little too bad. She will put Egyptian Arabic into the mouths of Constantinople Turks, and talk of *shintyan*, *hareem* (for *harem*), *seggadeh*, and *Howadjis*; much as the author of *The Bridal and Bride* (the worst and silliest Eastern book we ever read) makes his Turkish guide exclaim in Arabic, *el Bahr*, on seeing the sea of Marmora, and call for his breakfast by its Hindustani name of *kāziri*. As for Howadjis, which she says she was called at Smyrna, we declare ourselves ready to buy a new copy of her book, or to replace twelvefold her new gloves devoured by wild rats up the Nile, for each instance she can produce and authenticate of her being called Howadjis there, or for that matter, anywhere else. She saw the word Khawaja or Khawaga so written in Mr. Curtis's quaint fantastic book, *Nile Notes*—the same book which gave to her the thought of the superhuman beauty of the Egyptian gods as contrasted with the merely human beauty represented in the statues of Greek gods—and she took it for granted. Mount Tabor is said by her, leading up to her favourite poet, to express "purity or light at an elevation—in one word, excelsior." Tabor is simply an obsolete word for "mountain," surviving in local names in every country from Derbyshire to Sinai, from the Tyrol or Montenegro to Rhodes—Atabyros, now-a-days pronounced Tayros by the Rhodian peasant. We have no space to go at this rate through the book.

There is far too much religious sentimentality and Scriptural quotation in these volumes, needlessly increasing their bulk. These are more tiresome than the learning, inasmuch as they are more commonplace. We have heard that Sir A. Burnes once lent a MS. autobiography of Shah Shuja to a Persian or Afghan chief, and after the latter had read it, asked his opinion of its merits. "By your death," said the khan, "it is but a sorry article—nothing but a mere tale of facts, without any praise of God in it, or texts from the Koran." Miss Beaufort has spared no efforts to avert such a reproach in her case; but the gushes of secular sentiment and reflections alternate with the spiritual rhapsodies in at least equal proportion. They remind us too much of Lamartine, and sometimes of that very gusty writer, Madame Bora d'Adria. Occasionally they attain real excellence; but sometimes they stop short of this, and in many cases are trivial and puellular, if we may be allowed to coin a much-needed feminine for puerile. She also repeats herself dreadfully in describing sunsets, which she does fifty times if she does once. No doubt she deeply felt their individual beauty, and wishes us to enter into her feelings, but we are wearied by the repetition, and feel as though we had been looking through a prism all day long. We should indeed be brutes if we quarrelled seriously with the results of her amiable and active sympathies. To do so would be like striking her in the flesh, or denouncing the false metaphors in *Ecangeline*; but we must confess ourselves much bored by the poetry which she has produced after the fashion of the receptive sex when under the influence of their favourite authors. One poem is thus written after a striking piece by Mrs. Clive, called the Grave; another is a transfer of Maud's Brook to the Lebanon; and a third was thrown off when she was under the spell of Mr. Burgon's prize poem of Petra, and other prize poems. All these are of fair average cleverness, but nothing more; and we have always

* *Egyptian Sepulchres and Syrian Shrines*; including some Stay in the Lebanon, at Palmyra, and in Western Turkey. By Emily A. Beaufort. London: Longmans. 1861.

held that this is not enough to justify publication. Then in her prose we have romantic touches of poetical allusion. She compares Athens to a little white nestling dove. Even Panayoti Sutz, the wildest of modern dithyrambists, would shrink from calling his brown dusty metropolis an "ἀσπρο περιστέρκι." The young moon is made to touch the columns of Sunium like Dian's kiss; and we in turn say that Miss Beaufort's sentiments are like Dian's kiss—"unasked, unsought, they give themselves," and we sincerely hope we may never have to add, "they are not bought." For the book is worth buying, in spite of the faults which have called forth our reprobation. We have rarely had the pleasure of reading so fresh and graphic a personal narrative as that which underlies all the learning and sentiment. Miss Beaufort has also the higher merit of minute and unusual accuracy, as far as we can judge. She certainly sees olive-trees in the forest of Belgrade, where none exist; but her eyes, and not her head, misled her in this, and one or two similar trifles. The whole of the Constantinople chapter, written after she had worked herself clear of the Athens frenzy, is capital. We may as well say at once that it is better than all the other ladies' books on the subject put together; there are fewer errors and more common sense. There is also much valuable information given at first hand in various parts of the book, particularly the Jerusalem chapters.

On those rare occasions when she allows herself to venture upon politics, or to comment upon transactions, she does so with a moderation, honesty, and kindness which may well put to shame our ignorant or fanatical tourists who pretend to settle the Eastern question off-hand in two lines. Had we space, we would fain quote largely from her on this subject. Nor must we forget her beautiful drawings, nor her useful practical hints to travellers. There is no affectation or slang in the book itself, though we cannot say so much for the headings of the chapters, nor for the title, which reminds us a little too much of "the Para, the Piastre, and the Penny," "the Cream-jug and the Caimak-pot," and the other classic works of vile antithesis and alliteration by which publishers think to catch our pence. Let us be thankful that this work is not called "Memphitic Monuments," and hold our tongues. But ah! Miss Beaufort, how could you express your approbation of the arrogant piece of sham Carlylese spun off the reel by a gentleman of your party at Damascus, about Abdel-Kader? Could not your feminine tact lead you to tell a humbug and mannerist from a true man? We pray everybody to turn to page 322, vol. i., and read for themselves. She is also over-fond of using French words when plain English would do as well; but we must not be hard on one who claims descent from Cœur de Lion if she uses the Language of Oil.

It is no pleasure to rap amiable young ladies over the knuckles. We had rather bow courteously over the delicate and shapely articulations, and quote the proverb of that stately Castilian tongue from which Miss Beaufort herself is not averse to making quotations, *manos blancas no ofenden*. But we cannot in duty allow what we believe to be serious defects in an otherwise good work to pass unnoticed, even though so many of her inferiors have remained hitherto not only unproved, but praised. We should like nothing better than to appease her offended spirit by slaughtering a hecatomb of such. And when we think of the sincerity and fervour of affection with which she fondles and pets the recollections of her dear and beautiful Syria in every chapter, we have to struggle with a rising inclination to dash the pen through all our past criticism.

THE CHRONICLE OF ETHELFLED.*

THIS is a book intended as moral nutriment for spinsters. There is a great and increasing demand for works of this kind. Women, from the greater retirement of their lives, are much more deeply influenced than men by books of a pious or improving character. They are screened from that rough contact with a naughty world, which, if it does not efface the impression which most books of morality leave, reduces it at any rate to the level of many other concurrent influences. Hence an author or authoress, with a plan of life to suggest, or a new path of duty to indicate, appeals to the fair sex with much more effect. The process of inoculation takes with far more speed and efficacy. It may happen to chime in with vague feminine longings for a vocation which have as yet taken no more definite form than a Sunday class or a Monday soup-kitchen. "Good books" thus assume a front place in the rank of influences which mould the character and decide the tenour of woman's life. The number of story-books intended for her edification is legion. One propagates another, and an intelligent reader becomes herself in turn a teacher. Having fairly imbibed *Amy Herbert* or *Mary Powell* into her system, she straightway burns to reproduce the impression made on her own mind in the shape of a novel "with an intention," or a story pointing out some new sphere of usefulness for the sex. It is curious to compare the number of such works with the few intended for the special benefit of the male sex, and the still fewer to which any large influence over that sex is directly traceable. *Pilgrim's Progress*, from its allegorical form, stands, as it were, on neutral ground, and has done more good probably than any other work of fiction. But our literature has yet to be enriched by a series of tales, analogous in

kind to Miss Sewell's, which shall aim at awakening bachelors to a sense of their Christian duties. How, for instance, would the public receive a story which should depict one of mature years—the bore of his club—tripping with a weekly gift of soup or pudding to the dwellings of the indigent poor, or enlivening the patients in the Middlesex Hospital with some of his lively prattle? One thing is certain—that, to influence man or boy, the tone of an author must be manly and sensible, equidistant from the prudery of old maids and the enthusiasm of school-girls.

The *Chronicle of Ethelfled* purports to relate certain passages in the life of a noble lady of Mercia, sister to Alfred's queen. The egotism, garrulity, and love of the marvellous which mark the old Saxon Chronicles are cleverly preserved in this "pseudo-chronicle." One element, however, it possesses which they rarely exhibit—a vein of covert humour which is very entertaining and welcome, at the expense of some amount of verisimilitude. It is the fate of Ethelfled to drift—for no particular reason—into a state of settled single blessedness. Hers is a case not uncommon in later times. Here is a young lady, well-born, intelligent, pretty, sprightly, not averse to matrimony, sought in marriage, and yet not married. Her fate is a complete puzzle. She may be put down, as the Proto-martyr "to Circumstances." It is quite a problem for seven Belgravian mothers to attempt to solve. If any of them are of a devout turn of mind, they will probably be driven to express their belief that marriages are made in heaven; and the subject, consequently, cannot admit of much profitable surmise on earth. Perhaps the man destined for Ethelfled came into existence some generations later than his bride—perhaps he fell in the reign of Egbert, years before, fighting with the Danes. Those of the seven—we may say at once the majority—who believe that marriages are not so much made in heaven as in the course of "a day at the Crystal Palace," will, with one voice, attribute the lot of Ethelfled to a gross want of good management on the part of her mother. Had that poor, puling, weakly thing exerted herself properly—had she dinned into her daughter's ears the catalogue of the social advantages offered by a marriage with the Earl of Berks—had she been prompt in asking the intentions of every eligible *parti* who came to visit them at Gainsborough—a marriage there must and should have been.

Ethelfled's own account of the matter is as follows:—"It occurred to me whether I should not show that I had a mind of my own, by quietly consenting to espouse one of my many suitors; but, on reviewing them in my mind, one after another, it appeared to me that no conventional retirement could be so nauseous as to pass the remainder of my days with any one of them." This is very frank, and quite in keeping with her general character. The truth is, she was morbidly fastidious. Possessed herself of a very refined mind, she was too keenly alive to the want in others of the same high mental culture. Indulging in ideals is an expensive luxury. "I resolved," says Ethelfled, "to trust to what chance might bring forth, in the hope that some foreign prince or other, equal to all I thought a husband ought to be, might yet appear at court." Our own notion is that some one endowed with all this ideal perfection *had* appeared at court, and was its centre and sun. Let us be clearly understood. We do not cast the slightest reflection on the character of Ethelfled, if we express our belief that the society and conversation of her illustrious brother-in-law had rather spoiled her for that of less gifted folk. Alfred the Great could never, we feel sure, have contemplated, in any eventuality, a union with his deceased wife's sister. The intimacy was wholly platonic; but it led the lady to examine with too critical an eye each successive pretender to her hand. Had the king not made it his business, between fighting times, to direct her studies and form her mind, one of these would in all probability have led her in due course of time to the hymeneal altar in the fashionable abbey of the day, where Holy Neot would have officiated, "assisted by" Werefrith the Chaplain.

Ethelfled herself seems to feel that her mother was a little to blame for allowing her to go on her path, refusing this good match and the other, until she found herself landed in a nunnery. In justice to that lady, it may be stated that she was a good deal occupied in nursing her husband in the "foot-ail." Another excuse for her neglect of her daughter was an anile fondness of an infant grandchild, about which Ethelfled observes, with great truth, but some severity:—

I, Ethelfled, declare and aver, that babies are all very well in their place, which is the cradle; but that innumerable mothers do in toying with them and incessantly supervising them, notoriously neglect their duty to their older daughters, their growing and just grown-up girls, to whom no one else can supply their care; whereas their place in the nursery may be very well filled by the foster-mother and maids of the chamber.

One touch in the picture of Ethelfled's feelings is very delicate and true to nature. This is the evident soreness, notwithstanding her own half-formed resolution not to marry, at its being taken for granted by the King and Court:—

What stung me was that Ethelswitha should appear to think the matter so simple, and have so quietly settled in her mind to be contented therewith. I wondered whether it were the same with Alfred the King, or whether he would be very much surprised and grieved to hear such a thing mentioned. Just to see how he would take it, I contrived, in a day or two, as if by accident, to let fall the words, "When I go into a nunnery." To my no small mortification he gravely and calmly answered—"If such be indeed your final resolution, Ethelfled, I can have nothing certainly to say against it; but, on the contrary, should recommend your withdrawing a little more from the secular pleasures, which must needs be distasteful as well as hurtful to you."

* *The Chronicle of Ethelfled*. Set forth by the author of "Mary Powell." London: Arthur Hall, Virtue, and Co. 1861.

And, assuming that he has a strong-minded woman to deal with, he proceeds to enlarge on the rights of woman, and to inform her that she might hereafter have a seat in the Witenagemot. But the prospect of a parliamentary career has no great attractions for Ethelfled, whose thoughts, in spite of their being turned towards the cloister "in a vague and general way," never pointed in the direction of public life; and she cannot refrain from shedding a few of the "salt tears" she is in the habit of letting drop in moments of embarrassment. Even later, when a dangerous illness of her mother has determined her to vow herself to heaven, she is very indignant with her married sister, Queen Ethelswitha, for treating her as "if she had for years in a cloister been yburied." And her comment on her sister's excuse of "Oh, we married women," is somewhat tart. "If married women have more businesses and pleasures than those that, unwed, nigh the hearth twirl sadly the long flax, they ought of their lonely sisters to be the more mindful." Having once resolved to be a nun, Ethelfled took with energy to illuminating Psalters, "grinding colours, steeping and scraping of parchments," with a view of keeping her thoughts from wandering back to the world. The result of her work she placed one day, with great elation, in the hands of the King, who could hardly refrain from laughter at the sight; and declared, to her chagrin, that "her clouds were like dumplings."

The period of her novitiate served to destroy some of her illusions about the celibate life. She finds the nuns very stupid and very dirty:—

Sorry, she writes, am I to say it, but so it was: never have I been able to understand why to present the heart cleaner unto God, we should go with unwashed hands; never could I see the peculiar sanctity of St. Cuthbert's practice of wearing his leathern boots day and night for months together, till they dropped off his feet; nor was there anything I less admired in Queen Etheldreda, Abbess of Ely and our patron saint, than her wearing none but woollen under-garments, and rarely using a hot bath.

Her profession completed, she is unexpectedly elected Abbess of Wareham. The post is rather onerous at first. The nuns try to impose on her youth and inexperience. One comes to complain of the discomfort of her cell, another to beg they may have soup with their eggs on Wednesday, another to request they may have cheese-cakes daily, in order to keep her hand in for making pastry. To all this Ethelfled turns a deaf ear, and sets to work to reform the house. Among other points admitting of amendment was the style of singing among the sisters, which, she feelingly observes, "was very grievous, being little removed from the squealing of cats." One sister became so obstreperous in consequence of some remarks made by the new abbess in the course of her musical lecture, that she had to be consigned to a dark cell, not, however, before she had succeeded "in smiting sister Wynfreda on the eye." While Ethelfled is musing in bitterness of spirit over this occurrence, the King enters, to give her good advice and cheer her drooping spirits. Her next trial was more serious. The Danes attack Wareham, and the rescue of Ethelfled and her nuns is only effected by the sudden appearance of the King. The *Chronicle* ends with a sketch of the remainder of Alfred's reign, and the following *resumé* by Ethelfled of her position towards its close. The tone of the latter indicates how much she was in advance of her age:—

I have become used to mine old quarters, although they are gloomy, and unto mine old nuns, though they are stupid. My rule is become popular, so that I have been constrained to refuse many postulants, in spite of the new wing. Among the fresh comers have been one or two hopeful ones; and one or two that for conscience' sake I have been constrained to recommend to return into the world. One of these was a girl whom I found dashing her head against a pillar, for that she said our rule was not hard enough. Afterwards she was a prey to unaccountable diseases, and one day fell to rolling herself very swiftly along the floor of the chapel till she reached the shrine of our patroness; when, with a deep sigh, she exclaimed, "Now, praise to St. Audrey, I am cured!" Many would have made a miracle of it, which, indeed, was what she wanted; but I am, it may be, even too hard of belief in such events, unless undeniably authenticated—and, as the girl proved a deceiver, I am glad the thing was done in a corner. Alfred, the King, is very fond of monasteries; peradventure, because he never lived in one himself. They are, indeed, necessary and expedient for the times; but, if times are greatly bettered, it may be we shall learn to do without them.

With submission, we venture to think, after all, that Ethelfled would have done better to have married the Prince of Wessex or the Earl of Berks. The strength of character which enabled her to put up with stupid nuns and the squealing of cats, would have gradually reconciled her to a husband, however "nauseous" his company in the first instance. The cloister she tolerates and despises; the husband she would probably have ended by adoring. But it is impossible to regret her choice, when her conventual experiences are told with so much quaintness and humour, and enlivened with so many touches of quiet satire on aspirations which find expression in the nineteenth century no less than in the ninth.

RECREATIONS OF A RURAL DEAN.*

THE pen of a ready writer, it may be observed, is a gift frequently denied to men of sound orthodox views. The theological matchlock is a weapon which takes a long time to load, and is by no means rapid in its discharge, so that it often

happens that the quarry is far out of range when the shot is fired. Hence it is that, after a controversy has fretted out its hour on the stage and quietly gone to rest, a weighty reply will sometimes come booming after it, and fall on the ears of men much as the frozen words did on those of Pantagruel and his companions. When we first took up *Physico-Prophetical Essays*, our impression was that it was a case of this sort. From the general appearance of the book, from the systematic manner in which it is divided into sections and sub-sections (argumentative works being generally constructed on the principle of the Armstrong shell, with a view to the more effectual discomfiture of the enemy), from the recurrence of such phrases as "literal fulfilment," and "inspired record," of appeals to geology and Dr. Buckland, of scraps of Greek and Hebrew, and from many other signs and indications, we felt sure that it was a thunder-bolt specially forged for the destruction of *Essays and Reviews*, but unfortunately delayed by manufacturing difficulties until the enemy which was to be blown to pieces is hull-down, if not out of sight. With a satisfaction which will be shared by our readers, we found we were mistaken. We are not compelled to ask them to join us in examining the pretensions of an answer to *Essays and Reviews*. Though more recent in appearance, *Physico-Prophetical Essays* belongs in reality to an earlier formation. Indeed, so far from being a result, it has some claims to be classed with the causes of *Essays and Reviews*, being an instance of just that kind of religious maundering which irritates men into extremes of rationalism.

Whatever sins England may have to answer for, she is guiltless of at least one of the offences of Jerusalem. She does not kill the prophets. On the contrary, she supports that class of person in the most spirited manner. From Dr. Cumming down to Fairplay, who will predict the winner of any given race for twenty-four postage stamps, gentlemen in the prophetic line receive an encouragement which in itself is a complete answer to the implied sneer of the medievalist when he talks about the Ages of Faith. Thus there are great temptations for any one possessed of the leisure and ingenuity necessary for such a career. With both of these Mr. Lister appears to be blessed to a large extent. His qualifications in the first respect may be inferred from the variety of his avocations as set forth on his title-page. No man has so much time to spare as he who has a multiplicity of duties to perform—on the same principle that no man has so much ready cash for minor expenses as the man who is irretrievably dipped in money matters; and we may fairly assume that Mr. Lister has leisure enough for anything, from prophecy to the musical glasses, from the fact that he discharges at once the functions of a vicar, a chaplain to a nobleman, and a rural dean. The latter is the office which we suspect has stood him in greatest stead in the present instance. According to the popular notion, a rural dean is a sort of clerical mermaid—a compound of contradictory qualities; a combination of simplicity and sagacity; of innocence and erudition; uniting in one and the same individual the artlessness of the country with the austerity of the cloister—a gardener in canonicals, or an ecclesiastic in a straw hat. There are few more charming pictures than that which the very phrase presents to the mind's eye—a great church dignitary invested with all that can make such a position venerable, divested of aught that could make it unenviable—brimful of wisdom and learning, but patriarchally employed in watering his flowers, feeding his cochin-chinas, or inspecting his pigs. It is obvious that a life of this sort must be peculiarly favourable to speculative meditation, and impress upon it something of its bipartite nature. In Mr. Lister's case, perhaps, the verdancy of the rustic predominates a little over the profundity of the dean, but his work is, on the whole, very much what might have been expected from the circumstances under which it was produced. That he is ingenious is abundantly proved by the fact that he has, in effect, done for the New Jerusalem what Mr. Timbs has done for the City of London; and that his book has a strong claim to be considered a very full and complete handbook to "The Eternal Inheritance." His ingenuity seems to be of a kind not uncommon among country gentlemen with retired habits and plenty of spare time on their hands. It is an ingenuity which displays itself in a passion for repairing, mending, dissecting, or altering, any chance piece of mechanism that may be within reach, without regard to the previous question as to the necessity for such an operation. If by his present work we may know him, we take Mr. Lister to be a person possessed of this sort of self-confidence in a remarkable degree. He gives us the idea of a gentleman who, having taken to pieces every time-piece and dislocated every moderator lamp in the house, has gone in for a little quiet tinkering at the Book of the Revelation.

Under no circumstances is the examination of a work of this sort an easy or enticing task for the critic; but when, as in the present instance, absurdity is prominent among its characteristics, he has this additional difficulty to encounter—that he must put a restraint upon himself, lest by any chance his scorn of the sophistry be construed into a scoff at the subject. When John Smith, of Paradise Cottages, Pentonville, writes up his silly name and address inside a cathedral, it does not by any means follow that, if we laugh, we are laughing at the venerable walls he has made a vehicle for displaying his vanity and inanity; but there are some worthy people whose sense of the ridiculous is so blunted by their goodness that they will not admit even the possibility of this proposition being true. Keeping the fear of these persons

* *Physico-Prophetical Essays on the Locality of the Eternal Inheritance, its Nature and Character, the Resurrection Body, the Mutual Recognition of Glorified Saints.* By the Rev. W. Lister, F.G.S., Vicar of Bushbury and Rural Dean, Chaplain to the Right Honourable the Earl of Beverley. London: Longmans. 1861.

before our eyes, and bearing their prejudices in mind, we propose to give the reader, as far as may be done, a sketch of Mr. Lister's short way with prophecy. His method is extremely simple. Indeed, simplicity is apparently the quality upon which he most prides himself, and by means of which he has worked out his finest results. His opinion is, that the more we come to the study of the Bible "with the mental simplicity of little children, the more likely we shall be to discover those 'pearls of great price' which lie hid throughout the fields of its diversified pages;" and we must say he has shown a laudable perseverance in reducing his reasoning powers to the required standard of attenuation. The peculiarity of his system lies in the total rejection of the figurative mode of interpreting prophecy, and in the substitution of one intensely literal. He will not allow of the slightest deviation from the most strictly prosaic construction that can be put upon the words, and in fact, insists on the necessity of calling a Scriptural spade a spade. He is a staunch advocate of materialism in every way. All that is phenomenal in prophecy he attributes to the action of the same physical causes which we see at present in operation around us. Indeed, it appears to be almost a point of honour with him never to call in the aid of the preternatural until driven into a corner, and unable to find any other explanation. He seems to regard miraculous agency as something not altogether fair—a view which we remember to have found put forth in an old monkish legend, showing how a certain saint once outwitted Satan by a disingenuous employment of the powers he possessed *ex officio*. The former, as the story went, had been challenged by the latter to perform some feat of apparent impossibility. What the particular feat was we do not recollect, but, as at that time persons in the odour of sanctity used to cross rivers on their cloaks, and carry their heads under their arms, the saint in question found no difficulty in performing it. Satan admitted his defeat; and, to give him his due, these legends all agree in bearing testimony to his straightforwardness. He, however, took objection to the means by which it had been effected, and added, "Mind, next time, I bar miracles." Mr. Lister will, we trust, forgive us for pointing out an unfortunate resemblance; but we must say he seems to have just the same feeling as regards supernatural interposition. All through his book he exhibits an anxiety to "bar miracles" as much as possible. This, as might be expected, gets him into difficulties now and then. To take one instance out of many—in expounding the passages in Revelation xxi., relating to the New Jerusalem, he insists on a strictly literal acceptance of the description there given—that by the jasper of the walls, the gold of the streets, and the precious stones of the foundations, are meant actual jasper, gold, and precious stones. But when he comes to consider the pearls forming the gates of the city, he says they "may be true pearls, as far as composition and structure are concerned, but created such, not formed by the secretions of an animal, as in the case of existing ones." If it were not that it verges on the profane, there would be something irresistibly comic in this—an interpreter of prophecy working steadily up to an oyster, which he finally rejects because, on account of its dimensions, he cannot swallow it.

His leading proposition—printed in capitals to prevent any misunderstanding—is that "This earth, in a renewed and glorified state, will be the locality of the eternal inheritance of the righteous." From this it follows as a corollary that the New Jerusalem will be upon this earth; and Mr. Lister is good enough to give us a diagram representing the globe "with elevations answering to the dimensions of the New Jerusalem," which bears out his view that the city "will apparently stand out as a protuberance from the surface of the new earth," and which fully justifies a fear which he cannot help expressing as to "the shifting of the centre of gravity from its present point." With the exception of this, which he seems to admit is a difficulty, he sees no difficulty in "the idea of a city, or a mountain covered by a city, (say) 1500 miles high;" and he shows that it is not "so manifestly absurd as is generally supposed," because "the ring of Saturn stretches out from his surface to the distance of forty-five thousand miles! What is the one when compared with the other? It literally dwarfs before it!" In matters of detail he is even more felicitous. The new earth, he explains, will closely resemble the old. It is true there will be no sea, but then there will be the same flora and fauna as at present, which, he naively says, "many are unprepared to expect." One thing puzzles him a little at first. The lion, we are told, "shall eat straw like the ox." "This," says Mr. Lister, "would seem to imply a material change, not only in the habits, but also in the structure of the lion." But, finding in Dr. Livingstone's Travels, that the lions of South Africa sometimes eat water-melons, he is comforted. If water-melons do not disagree with the noble animal in his present unregenerate condition, why should straw in a future state? With respect to the human animal, Mr. Lister has some important communications to make. In the first place, one of the ends of Muscular Christianity will have been attained—"The exertion of running and walking will be performed without weariness." "The resurrection body will be superior to weariness and fatigue." How this effect will be produced he is not quite certain, but darkly hints that it may be by a free use of cocoa, which is shown by Professor Johnston, in the *Chemistry of Common Life*, to have wonderful powers of supporting the human frame under severe labour. As

to the structure of this body, Mr. Lister says emphatically that it will be a material body, and will exercise all the functions of one. It is true that "flesh and blood cannot inherit the kingdom of God;" "but," says Mr. Lister, in his favourite italics, "*flesh and bones can*." It is fortunate that he repeatedly warns us against forming an opinion on these questions according to "the present state of our knowledge;" because, according to the present state of our knowledge, *veal* is the only form of matter which we can conceive as composed of flesh and bones without blood. Another point in connexion with the resurrection body is that "a visible brightness will distinguish the persons of the saints hereafter," and here he takes an opportunity of being very severe upon those old-fashioned expositors who believe that the brightness referred to in Scripture is merely figurative. Very likely he has his own reasons, founded on self-contemplation, for doubting that the term "bright" can under any circumstances be applied to man in a figurative sense; but he argues the question on far broader grounds. "Even now," he says, "we have animal bodies which are truly self-luminous;" and then, with a great deal of learning, he mentions the glow-worm, the fire-fly, and the lantern-fly. He does not refer to the lobster, which under certain conditions has the same property; but when we first read the passage we felt sure he was about to do so, for, in truth, he has the most unsavoury smiles, and is indeed the most comparative interpreter of prophecy we ever met with.

We might easily go to a far greater length with Mr. Lister's vagaries, for they are by no means exhausted here; but probably the reader has by this time had enough of them. At any rate we have quoted enough to justify the word "tinkering," which we used to describe his peculiar mode of dealing with prophecy, and also the title which we have taken the liberty of substituting for that previously chosen by the author. We have already had two pleasant volumes showing what are the "Recreations of a Country Parson." Here we have the reverse of the medal in a book which shows how a Rural Dean amuses himself. If we have devoted to it a space which may seem out of proportion to its merits, it is not because we anticipate any very important results from Mr. Lister's method. His book is not likely to exercise much influence on the public mind. No doubt the scraps of Greek and Hebrew which bestrew its pages, and a certain air of erudition which there is about it, will make it to some extent popular with elderly ladies, and persons whose enjoyment of a theological question is in the inverse ratio of their comprehension of it. But with the great mass of those who support this branch of literature we do not think it will have much success. The popular purveyors have long since accustomed them to a fine full-flavoured prophecy, after which Mr. Lister's milder article will seem tasteless. Anything that may be really striking in what he has to communicate they have already had before. To borrow a simile from the breakfast-table, he has taken Chalmers' ten-leaves and made a second brew out of them, adding some grotesque colouring-matter of his own, after the fashion of some thrifty housekeepers, to make the beverage pass for an original infusion. But the work is worth notice as exemplifying two of the weaknesses of the so-called religious world—first, that vulgar craving for the concrete, not to say the commonplace, of which, in another form, Martin's pictures are an illustration; and secondly, the prevailing mania for dabbling in prophetic exposition. In the outer world we know there are certain things which every one believes he can do intuitively, such as the farming of a small estate and the driving of a gig. To these, it seems, must be added, in the religious world, the interpretation of prophecy.

FRENCH LITERATURE.

CARNOT was one of those Revolutionists whom Fouché called *Cimbéciles*—an epithet implying, on the part of the person who was honoured with it, that high delicacy of feeling which would prevent him from sacrificing to any palpable advantage his convictions and his sense of duty. The new biographical memoir in course of preparation on one of the few upright French politicians of the revolutionary epoch, is likely to prove very interesting, if we may judge from the small fragment recently published.* It is not an autobiography, as the title sufficiently shows; but it is composed from authentic documents, and a great many facts are brought to light which illustrate the condition of France during the last years of the reign of Louis XVI. The introduction has the almost unavoidable fault of being written too much in the strain of a panegyric. It gives likewise, on the revolutionary movement of 1789 and its consequences, a theory against which many strong objections can be raised, especially when the author tries to palliate the atrocities committed by the Terrorists, under the plea that they were the natural consequences of the *acharnement* with which the Royalists persevered in checking the progress of the Revolution. The first part of the *Mémoires sur Carnot* takes us as far as the catastrophe of August 10th, and to the dethronement of the unfortunate Louis XVI. Describing the famous sitting of the Assembly, and the King's presence in the part of the gallery reserved to the short-hand writers, M. Hippolyte Carnot quotes the authority of Prieur (de la Côte d'Or), who had seen

* *Mémoires sur Carnot (1753-1823)*. Par son Fils. Tome premier, première partie. Paris: Pagnerre. London: Jelfs.

Louis XVI., "Dans la loge du Logographe debout, appuyé sur un fusil qu'il avait pris des mains d'un soldat, et frémissant de rage, il ne changea d'attitude que pour demander à manger." Those amongst our readers who know what effect, for good or for evil, can be produced by a quotation insidiously placed, will regret with us that M. Hippolyte Carnot should have had recourse to such unworthy tricks. They occur more than once in the course of this brochure.

M. de la Rochefoucauld-Doudeauville is as thorough a Royalist as Carnot was a Republican; but he does not repudiate Liberal principles, and he believes that the stability of the throne of Charles X. was quite compatible with the strictest observance of the doctrines and axioms propounded in 1789. He, too, is about to record for the benefit of the public his sayings and doings during the course of a long life. He has observed much; he has taken down notes with all the diligence of a Saint-Simon; and we may expect from him, if his somewhat pompous amanuensis is to be trusted, the fullest details on the various events of the Restoration. In the meanwhile, by way of preface to his own autobiography, M. le Duc de la Rochefoucauld-Doudeauville publishes two introductory volumes containing the memoirs of his father, and a series of detached fragments entitled *La Révolution Racontée et Jugée par les Hommes du Temps*.^{*} The first part of this introduction—namely, the memoirs of the late Duke—we can praise almost without reserve. They are simply written, full of amusing anecdotes, and of very just reflections on the causes and progress of the Revolution. Unfortunately, they are too short, and their merit appears still greater as contrasted with the extraordinary mass of rubbish which fills up the second volume. One can easily imagine the industrious editor, M. F. Claude, utterly at a loss how to finish the first instalment of his work, running in frantic despair to his noble patron's waste-paper basket, and sending off all its contents to the printer, without any discrimination whatever. His pompous preface is also worthy of notice, on account of the oracular way in which certain political theories are enunciated. Comparing the English with the French, he tells us, amongst other equally apposite remarks, that "Les Anglais, aujourd'hui, marchent encore à l'égalité par la liberté, ce qui est un contresens; et s'ils n'étaient pas le peuple le moins logique et le plus inconsequent du monde, ils n'arriveraient point."

Hoping that M. Claude will find no further occasion for the propounding of his views on European affairs, we turn to the fourth volume of M. Guizot's *Memoirs*,† which concludes with the author's appointment as ambassador to England, under the last administration of M. Thiers. Enough has been said of this important work—one of the most valuable contributions that have appeared to the history of our own times. We shall therefore merely say here that we cannot understand the feeling of disappointment with which some readers lay down the volume, on the plea that it is not a string of anecdotes, like the memoirs of Saint-Simon or the historiettes of Tallemant des Réaux. Such a feeling springs, we believe, from the essentially false assumption that all memoirs must be of an anecdotic character, whereas the slightest acquaintance with memoir-literature sufficiently demonstrates that such is not the case. Besides, if Buffon's remark is true, that "le style, c'est l'homme même," it would surely be the height of extravagance to expect from the pen of M. Guizot anything but the calm, dignified, and—may we say?—*ex-cathedra* style of narrative which he has given us. Amongst the interesting pieces which the new volume contains, let us mention the portraits of Armand Carrel, Broussais, and Prince Talleyrand, the account of the retreat from Constantine, and the description of the Spanish insurrection.

It seems now as if no one was anxious to claim a part in the dirty work of the French National Convention. Who ordered the massacre of the prisoners? Who inaugurated the Reign of Terror? Who drained the country in the most wanton manner of its best blood, and sent to the scaffold its noblest citizens? Not Robespierre, if we are to believe M. Louis Blanc; not Danton, if M. Alfred Bougeart is to be trusted.‡ We have already examined the eleventh volume of M. Blanc's *Histoire de la Révolution*; we must now mention, as a kind of supplementary document, the octavo which M. Bougeart has composed, *ad majorem Dantonis gloriam*. If this extraordinary process of historical rehabilitation goes on, we need not be surprised at hearing, one of these days, that it was the Royalists who sent Louis XVI. to the scaffold, and that the Duc d'Enghien was shot in the moat of Vincennes at the instigation of the Comte d'Artois. M. Bougeart has taken great pains to collect together from various sources all the papers that could throw the slightest light upon the biography of his favourite hero; but he has commented on these papers with an enthusiasm and a naïveté which are quite amusing, because they show how far the greatest anxiety to be honest and straightforward can be thwarted, when the task undertaken by the historian is that of doing justice to a man who has hitherto been sacrificed to party spirit. But not even this new panegyrist of Danton has been enabled to exonerate the Revolutionary "Minister of Justice" from the fact

of having at least connived at the September massacres, or to justify these massacres on the plea of public necessity.

We shall not be leaving the sphere of memoir literature if we turn to the old chronicle of Gregory Turonensis, who related in dog Latin the struggle between the Roman Empire in its decline and the Frankish conquerors of Gaul.* The merit of this work has long since been appreciated, and M. Guizot published, about thirty years ago, a translation of it, which forms the first volume of his collection of chronicles. The edition we are now considering is not a mere reprint. It has been revised by M. Alfred Jacobs, a young *savant* well known for his publications on mediæval geography, and the second of the two bulky volumes before us is almost entirely filled with a valuable and interesting disquisition on the geography of Gaul as understood by the chronicler. The difficulties of this work are very clearly set forth by M. Jacobs in his preface—nothing being more doubtful than the meaning attached to certain denominations, such as *pagus*, *vici*, &c., in the old historians. Considering the obstacles he found in his way, M. Jacobs has gone through his work in a truly satisfactory manner—the glossaries and map which he has added forming by no means the least important feature of the book.

After an interval of ten years, M. Nisard has at length completed his *Histoire de la Littérature Française*.† We willingly acknowledge the unquestionable talent of M. Nisard. He is a man of taste; he stands up boldly for *le grand siècle*, Boileau, Racine, Bossuet, *e tutti quanti*; but despite his pretensions to the dignity of moralist, we have no great faith in his powers of discriminating between right and wrong. If you were to ask some Paris wag what is the grand law of human life, he would immediately reply that there are two distinct laws—the one being for the use of kings, princes, and governors, and the other for the guidance of private individuals—M. Nisard being the latest upholder of that commodious distinction. M. Nisard's nickname, in short, is *l'homme aux deux morales*, and we are sorry to say that the fourth volume of the *History of French Literature* fully confirms the appropriateness of this sobriquet. After all that has been recently said and written about Louis XIV., surely no one expected to hear the gross profligacy of that monarch once more defended and justified; but M. Nisard is so devout a worshipper of the seventeenth century, that he has a word of praise even for the foulest spots which disfigured it. The scandalous amours of the French despot were set off by all the fascinations of grace, elegance, and politeness—therefore they were beyond objection. Such is the verdict delivered by one of the highest dignitaries of the French University, a man who, in his double position as *Inspecteur-général de l'Enseignement supérieur* and *Directeur de l'Ecole Normale*, has been trusted with the responsible duty of training the rising generation.

In connexion with the famous Belgravian correspondence, here is a book which professes to give to anxious parties engaged in matrimonial speculations every kind of advice respecting this momentous topic.‡ M. Debay's work having, if we may believe the title-page, reached its fifth edition, we hope to see some fruits of this popularity in a corresponding improvement amongst our Gallican neighbours. *Dames aux Camelias* will disappear for ever, and the Quartier Bréda will be numbered amongst the things that were. M. Debay is really a very sensible writer. He views the marriage problem in a thorough business, matter-of-fact kind of way, and he gives some very wholesome advice in a series of chapters which sound like a mixture of selections from the *Code Civil* and extracts from some educational treatise. We recommend especially to the attention of our readers the part which refers to the moral and intellectual culture of young ladies. M. Debay is a thorough enemy of blue-stockings; but he is equally anxious to see a better system of education enforced than that superficial, showy kind of smattering which is now so fashionable. If French ladies, he remarks, are so frivolous, it is because they are brought up without the slightest reference to the mind and the understanding. *To please* is the sum and substance of their ambition. The subject is such a delicate one that we shall not take upon ourselves to decide whether M. Debay's strictures are right or wrong, but we would merely remark how thoroughly the works of modern novelists corroborate the views stated in the *Philosophie du Mariage*. Tales and romances are delineations of society; and it is quite certain that the majority of ladies who sit for their portraits in those books make it their sole business to please and to amuse.

Works of imagination are as numerous as ever on the other side of the Channel; but we look in vain for a really original production—something out of the common way—some token of genius and true taste. M. Francis Wey's new novel, *Gildas*,§ is perhaps the best amongst all the works of the kind which we have lately received. In the first place, it is

* *Grégoire de Tours et Frédégaire*. Traduction de M. Guizot. Nouvelle édition entièrement revue et augmentée de la Géographie de Grégoire de Tours et de Frédégaire, par Alfred Jacobs. 2 vols. Paris: Didier. London: Jeffs.

† *Histoire de la Littérature Française*. Par D. Nisard, de l'Académie Française. Vol. iv. Paris: Didot. London: Jeffs.

‡ *Philosophie du Mariage, Etudes sur l'Amour, le Bonheur, la Fidélité*, &c. Par A. Debay. Cinquième édition. Paris: Dentu. London: Jeffs.

§ *Gildas*. Roman inédit, par M. Francis Wey. Paris and London: Hachette.

* *Mémoires de M. de la Rochefoucauld, Duc de Doudeauville*. Vols. i. ii. Paris: Michel Lévy. London: Jeffs.

† *Mémoires pour servir à l'Histoire de nos Temps*. Par M. Guizot. Tome quatrième. Paris: Michel Lévy. London: Jeffs.

‡ *Danton: Documents authentiques pour servir à l'Histoire de la Révolution Française*. Par Alfred Bougeart. Paris: Pagnerre. London: Jeffs.

actually *inédit*—no slight recommendation at a time when the greater part of the octavos or duodecimos served up before the public have already appeared in the *feuilleton* of a newspaper or the pages of a review. Then, M. Wey has created a work full of genuine interest, by placing together in strong contrast the unprincipled ambition of a third-rate *littérateur*, Zénon de Mortain, the matter-of-fact, selfish aspirations of the scientific Saint-Ursanne, and the humble generosity of Gildas Carpolot. It is almost a rule without exception that good-nature is doomed to be imposed upon. Thus it happens in the case of Gildas, who is regularly fleeced by his two companions, and insulted in his dearest affections by Saint-Ursanne. Several most dramatic scenes arise naturally from this circumstance—particularly one at the well-known Pointe du Raz, in Brittany. Saint-Ursanne, who is decidedly the villain of the book, is at last overcome by the kindness of Gildas, makes a full confession of his misdeeds, and starts for Africa, where we are led to suppose that he becomes quite an altered man. The descriptions of the Pointe du Raz and of the *Pardon* at Notre Dame d'Auray would alone suffice to justify our recommending the new book of M. Francis Wey as quite above the average run of novels. M. Serret's *Une Jambe de Moins** is equally good. M. Serret excels in describing the French *bourgeoisie*, and he throws a great deal of genuine poetry around a class of people whom we have hitherto been accustomed to judge through the broad caricature of Paul de Kock and the drolleries of Henri Monnier. The author of *Une Jambe de Moins* does not hesitate to portray ridiculous personages wherever he meets them—such as the *ex-couturière*, Madame Breton, and the old dandy, M. Alfred Dumarsais, who has quite forgotten when he was born; but he also understands the secret of interesting his readers by scenes of real pathos, and if we have a fault to find with him, it is on the score of the too great minuteness with which he carries on his analysis of the sentiments and feelings of his *dramatis personæ*. Nor must we forget M. Amédée Achard's *Fille de Jephthé*—a trio of novelettes, displaying the usual depth of feeling, and beauty of style for which the works of this gentleman are so conspicuous. M. Amédée Achard is essentially a moralist. The mantle of Emile Souvestre seems to have fallen upon his shoulders, and a vein of serious thought runs through his apparently most trifling compositions.

There is nothing, after all, like a good title to recommend a book, and if it were not for the startling announcement, *La Belle aux Cheveux Bleus*,† we doubt very much whether M. Edouard Plouvier's volume of tales would attract many readers. The lady whose fascinations are thus described has not—as some persons might imagine—been dyeing her hair like our old friend Titmouse, in Mr. Warren's novel. No; the *reflets bleus* of her magnificent *chevelure* are perfectly natural, and not a whit less admirable for that. We have just hinted at the custom which now obtains so universally of reprinting *feuilletons* from the daily papers, and thus making a book answer two purposes. M. Plouvier has improved even upon this deplorable fashion, for the volume we are now glancing at contains, under the title *Les Souvenirs du Vieux Baron*, three tales which appeared just six months ago in the *Contes pour les Jours de pluie*, with the designation *Originaux d'une Galerie de Portraits*.

The intention of M. Paul de Molènes in writing *L'Amant et l'Enfant*§ is an excellent one. He has aimed at describing, under the most effective and sombre colours, the fatal consequences which are sure to happen when a married woman forgets her duties, and, led away by passion, brings down disgrace upon herself and her family; but we are not sure whether he has acted wisely in selecting a case which, we would hope, for the honour of humanity, or rather of *femininity*, is a rare exception. The cruel infatuation of the Countess Mohiloff, who sacrifices her child to a worthless lover, is so horrid an idea that we shrink before it, although reliable information tells us that such things do happen sometimes. The unfortunate woman meets with the punishment which she deserves, and so far we are satisfied; but why should M. de Molènes consign to marriage and to relative happiness her seducer, Renaud de Méfies? Notwithstanding these imperfections, we think that *L'Amant et l'Enfant* is a remarkable book, quite worthy of the accomplished author whose history of the *Garde mobile* entertained us so much some years ago. Critics have often noticed the great talent with which M. Paul de Molènes blends together fact and fancy so as to make it impossible for us to discover where the line of demarcation occurs. This is also a conspicuous feature in the writings of M. de Valbezen, *alias* Major Fridolin, as he is better known by the subscribers to the *Revue des Deux Mondes*. In that amusing volume, for instance, entitled, *La Malle de l'Inde*,|| and which has been recently published, what is the share of fiction? How much must we put to the account of reality? We know not. At all events, M. de Valbezen gives us a curious view of life in India, interspersed with a few anecdotes of a Don-Juanic cha-

acter, which we hope, for the author's sake, have no authenticity whatever.

Don Juan, of course, reminds us of Figaro. The French *Figaro** was a regular thorn in the side of the French Restoration. Every morning, some smart epigram, some joke, some amusing article appeared launched forth from the office of that journal, turning Ministers into ridicule, bantering the Jesuits, and even discussing the ultra-Royalist pretensions of the Pavillon Marsan. The allusions contained in the pages of the *Figaro*, although extremely witty, are not quite so readily understood now as they were thirty years ago. Such is the fate of all political squibs. They soon require a commentary, and, we may add, they deserve one, too; because, after all, they form part of history; and a pun in a newspaper will often explain a grave diplomatic difficulty, or place in its proper light the character of an eminent statesman. Let the reader imagine some of our grandchildren meeting, sixty years hence, in an old worn-out newspaper, with the following query:—"Why was Prince Napoleon sent in command of the fifth division of the army of Italy?" The answer—"In order that he might attack the *fifth side* of the Quadrilateral"—will immediately speak volumes about the military prowess of the noble commander, and at the same time bring back to recollection his intrepidity in the Crimean war. This simple example will illustrate the peculiar merit of the curious volume for which we are indebted to M. Emile Gaboriau. It is a carefully-selected anthology from the *Figaro*—the comments of the editor, his preface, and his remarks supplying every information needed by such readers as are not sufficiently conversant with the history of France between 1815 and 1830.

* *L'Ancien Figaro*. Etudes Satiriques, extraites du Figaro de la Restauration, avec une Préface et un Commentaire. Par Emile Gaboriau. Paris: Dentu. London: Jeffs.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

THE SATURDAY REVIEW.

CONTENTS OF No. 301, AUGUST 3, 1861.—

The Ministerial Changes. Mr. Disraeli on the Naval Defences. America. Indian Account Keeping. Austria and Hungary. Manchester Theories and American Facts. The Supplementary Navy Estimates.

Leisure. The House of Lords. Mr. Roberts. Goodwood Races. Wills of British Subjects Abroad. Antelopes. Cremorne. The Recognition of Music at the Exhibition of 1862.

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* *Une Jambe de Moins*, Episode de la Guerre d'Italie. Par Ernest Serret. Paris and London: Hachette.

† *La Fille de Jephthé*. Par Amédée Achard. Paris and London: Hachette.

‡ *La Belle aux Cheveux Bleus*. Par Edouard Plouvier. Paris: Lévy. London: Jeffs.

§ *L'Amant et l'Enfant*. Par Paul de Molènes. Paris: Lévy. London: Jeffs.

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